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THE

Ballad Poetry of Ireland.

EDITED BY

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THE HON. CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

“bolg an Dána.”

FORTIETH EDITION.

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DUBLIN :

JAMES DUFFY, 15, WELLINGTON-QUAY;

AND

22, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1869.

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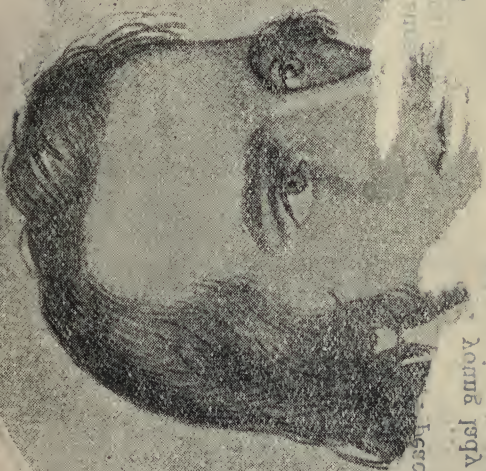
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TO
THOMAS O'HAGAN, ESQ.,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

IN HONOUR OF HIS HEART, HIS INTELLECT, AND HIS
PRINCIPLES,

This Volume is Inscribed

BY HIS FRIEND,


CHAS. GAVAN DUFFY.

"My own friend, my own friend,
There's no one like my own friend;
For all the gold the world could hold
I would not give my own friend!"

WOLFE.

Dundrum, July, 1845.

As one-and-twenty years' additional experience of the
world has not made me acquainted with any one
more worthy to be loved and honoured,

I Dedicate and, 

TO

THE RIGHT HON. JUDGE O'HAGAN,

THE THIRTY-NINTH EDITION

OF THIS LITTLE VOLUME.

Paris, July, 1866.

386984

THE
COLUMBIAN

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PREFACE TO THE THIRTY-NINTH EDITION.

DURING a visit made to my native country after a long absence, the publisher of the "Ballad Poetry of Ireland" requested me to revise a new edition of it, which he proposed to issue in a new and more attractive form. The book recalled so many friends and so many hopes allied with the brightest period of life, that though the task was in many senses painful, it was one I could not decline.

Having looked over the volume, I find little that I am disposed to omit; and I do not feel justified in making any additions whatever, beyond an occasional note to illustrate the text or identify the author. There are abundant stores from which valuable additions might be drawn, but the more successfully this task were performed, the more completely the identity of the book would be destroyed. It cannot possibly pretend to be the most full and complete collection of Irish Ballads; but I rejoice to remember that it was the first collection; and that before it appeared the title Irish Ballad would probably have suggested to an ordinary reader something grotesque or contemptible. Some of its value to the students of Irish literature will doubtless depend upon its retaining the identical ballads with which this experiment upon the public taste was made. The larger collections since published consist, in a considerable degree, of ballads not written when this volume was issued; and many of which would probably never have been written but for the revival in Irish literature, of which it was one of the symptoms. It is due, therefore, I think, to the writers of the ballads which first arrested attention, as well as to future readers, not to vary the original collection. Something, perhaps, is also due to old readers; the publisher assures me that within the last twenty years he has published thirty-eight editions of it, amounting to seventy-six thousand copies, distributed wherever the English language is used, and there must necessarily be a considerable number of persons who would object to any experiment made at this time of day on an

habitual favourite. Of its great success I can have no hesitation in speaking, as my share in the work was only the humble one of collecting the flowers into a bouquet, with a view to vindicate the fertility and variety of Irish genius.

It is impossible to look back over the long interval since the Ballad Poetry was published, without noting the empty places which Death has left in its memorable roll of young poets. Death has struck from that roll the names of Edward Walsh, whose tender and passionate genius interpreted so successfully between the Celtic brain and the Saxon tongue ; of John Keegan, the peasant poet, who has left us, almost for the first time, genuine songs of the field and the cabin ; and of De Jean Fraser, the poet of the workshops, who maintained a life-long struggle with ill-health and narrow circumstances, and kept his heart still fresh, and his spirit erect and hopeful ; and of the master and chief whom they all cheerfully accepted and acknowledged in that character, Thomas Davis. In the original Introduction, there is no allusion to him beyond the slightest and most casual ; not because he was living and apparently destined to a long and distinguished career, for I attempted some estimate of the genius of others in kindred circumstances, but literally because he shrank painfully from any public recognition of his labours by his friends and associates. To have written of him as I felt would have rudely wounded his modest and sensitive nature. But I may now declare that though he was foremost among the young poets of his day, his greatest poem was his life. It never has been my good fortune to meet so noble a human creature ; so variously gifted, so unaffectedly just, generous, and upright, so utterly without selfishness and without vanity ; and I never expect to meet such another.

I have not failed to note with pleasure the large and important additions which have been made to the domain of Irish Ballad Poetry in latter years. But I have been only a distant and pre-occupied observer. Happily, one who has watched it closely and with loving sympathy has made an estimate of our gains. In a recent article in the *Dublin Review*, in which I recognize the skilful hand of my friend Mr. Cashel Hoey, all that need be said on this subject has been so effectually said, that I prefer to adopt his language rather than glean the same ground. Speaking of

a remarkable experiment which had barely begun at the time the "Ballad Poetry" was published, he says, in language which I somewhat abridge :—

"Was it possible to transfuse the peculiar spirit of the Irish native poetry into the English tongue? The researches of the Archæological Society were at this time rapidly disintombing the long-hidden historical and poetical treasures of the Irish language. Many of these had been translated by Clarence Mangan, in a style which did not pretend to be literally faithful; but which, so expanded, illustrated, and harmonized the original, that the poem, while losing none of its idiosyncrasy, gained in every quality of grace, freedom, and force. The rich, the sometimes redundant array of epithets, the mobile, passionate transitions, the tender and melancholy spirit of veneration for a vanishing civilization, for perishing houses, scattering clans, and a persecuted Church—some even of the more graceful of the idioms and more musical of the metres—might surely be naturalized in the English language, and so an Irish poetical dialect be absolutely invented in the middle of the nineteenth century. It was known how an Irish peasant spoke broken English, and put it into rhyme that did not want a strange wild melody, that was to more finished and scholarly verse as the flavour of *poteen* is to the flavour of Burgundy. But how would an Irish bard, drawing his inspiration from the primeval Ossianic sources, and thinking in the true ecstatic spirit of the Irish muse, speak, if he were condemned to speak, in the speech of the Saxon? This was a bold conception, and no one who is familiar with the poetry of Ireland during the last twenty years will deny that it has been in great part fulfilled. * * * * *

"Mr. Ferguson has accomplished the problem of conveying the absolute spirit of Irish poetry into English verse, and he has done so under the most difficult conceivable conditions—for he prefers a certain simple and unluxuriant structure in the plan of his poems, and he uses in their composition the most strictly Saxon words he can find. But all the accessories and figures, and still more, a certain weird melody in the rhythm, that reminds the ear of the wild grace of the native music, indicate at every turn what Mr. Froude has half reproachfully called 'the subtle spell of the Irish mind.' It is not surprising to find even careful and accomplished English critics unable to reach to the essential meaning of this poetry, which to many evidently appears as bald as the style of Burns first seemed to Southron eyes, when he became the fashion at Edinburgh, eighty years ago. And yet, to master the dialect of Burns is at least as difficult as to master the dialect of Chaucer, while Mr. Ferguson rarely uses a word that would not be passed by Swift or Defoe."

Of two other workers in the same field, he says :—

"Lady Wilde's verse has not at all the same distinctively Celtic character as Mr. Ferguson's. He aspires to be—

Kindly Irish of the Irish,
Neither Saxon nor Italian;

and his choice inspirations come from the life of the clans. Speranza's verse so far as it has a specially Irish character, is of the most ancient

type of that character. It is full of Oriental figures and illustrations. It is, when it is most Irish, rather cognate to Persian and Hebrew ways of thinking, forms of metaphor, redundance of expression—in its tendency to adjuration, in its habit of apostrophe, in its very peculiar and powerful, but monotonous rhythm, which seems to pulsate on the ear with the even, stringent stroke of the Hindoo drum. Where this peculiar poetry at all adapts itself to the vogue of the modern muse, it is easy to see that Miss Barrett had very great influence in determining the mere manner of Lady Wilde's genius. But the character of her verse is far more coloured by the range of her studies than by the influence of any special style.

“Mr. Aubrey de Vere's ‘Inisfail’ comes last on our list, but certainly not least in our estimation. No poet of Young Ireland has, like him, seized and breathed the spirit of his country's Catholic nationality, its virginal purity of faith, its invincible patience of hope, and all the gentle sweetness of its charity. Young Ireland rather studied the martial muse, and that with an avowed purpose. ‘The Irish Harp,’ said Davis, ‘too much loves to weep. Let us, while our strength is great and our hopes high, cultivate its bolder strains, its raging and rejoicing; or if we weep, let it be like men whose eyes are lifted, though their tears fall.’ Mr. de Vere has tried every mood of the native lyre, and proved himself master of all. His ‘Inisfail’ is a ballad chronicle of Ireland, such as Young Ireland would have thought to be a worthy result of all its talents, and such as, in fact, Mr. Duffy at one time proposed. But it must be said that its heroic ballads are not equal to those of Young Ireland. They want the *verve*, the glow, the energy, the resonance, which belong to the best ballads of ‘The Spirit of the Nation.’ Of the writers of that time, Mr. D’Arcy M’Gee is, perhaps, on the whole, the most kindred genius to his. Mr. De Vere has an insight into all the periods of Irish history in their most poetical expression, which Mr. M’Gee alone of his comrades seems to have equally possessed. Indeed, if Mr. M’Gee's poems were all collected and chronologically arranged—as it is to be hoped they may be some day soon—it would be found that he had unconsciously and desultorily traversed very nearly the same complete extent of ground, that Mr. De Vere has systematically and deliberately gone over. But though no one has written more nobly of the dimly-glorious Celtic ages, and many of his battle-ballads are instinct with life, and wonderfully picturesque, it is easy to see that Mr. M’Gee's best desire was to follow the footsteps of the early saints, and the *Via Dolorosa* of the period of the penal laws. These, too, are the passages over which Mr. De Vere's genius most loves to brood, and his prevailing view of Ireland is the supernatural view of her destiny to carry the cross and spread the faith. Young Ireland wrote its bold, brilliant ballads, as a part of the education of the new nationality that it believed was growing up, and destined to take possession of the island—‘a nationality that,’ to use Davis's words again, ‘must contain and represent all the races of Ireland.’ . . . And such was the dream that seemed an easy eventuality twenty years ago. But Mr. De Vere writes after the famine, and in view of the Exodus. His mind goes from the present to the past by ages of sorrow—of sorrow, nevertheless, illumined, nurtured, and sustained by Divine faith, and the living presence of the Church. So in the most beautiful poem of this volume, he sees the whole Irish race carrying an inner spiritual life through all their tribulation in the guise of a great religious order, of which England is the foundress, and the rules are written in the statute-book.”

The connexion which Mr. Hoey traces between the poets of to-day and those of twenty years ago, finds a most unexpected witness in M. de la Villemarque, of the French Institute. That accomplished writer, in an article published, at the commencement of the present year, in the Paris review, *Le Correspondant*, insists on the unity of design and spirit which runs through our national ballads from the earliest time down to Mr. Ferguson's "Lays of the Western Gael." He makes the "Ballad Poetry" the subject of a careful analysis, and rates the collection high enough among the popular poetry of Europe to satisfy the most exacting Irishman. I am tempted to copy a translation which he has made of Banim's "Soggarth Aroon," not only as an evidence of how genuine the poetry is that has borne the process of conversion so well, but because there are touches of feeling which seem to have their vividness and intensity increased in the strange language.

"Suis-je l'esclave qu'ils disent, mon doux pasteur, depuis que vous m'avez appris, mon doux pasteur, à n'être plus leur esclave à ces hommes qui voudraient faire de moi l'instrument de la servitude de notre vénérable Irlande, mon doux pasteur."

Et poursuivant, avec un accent de fierté mâle et tendre à la fois :

"Envers vous vaillant et fidèle, mon doux pasteur, sans être cependant votre esclave, mon doux pasteur, je me tiens debout près de vous, oh ! oui sans crainte près de vous, mon doux pasteur.

"Qui donc pendant les nuits d'hiver, mon doux pasteur, lorsque soufflait le vent glacé, mon doux pasteur, vint à la porte de ma cabane, et là, sur la terre nue, s'agenouilla près de moi, malade et pauvre, mon doux pasteur ?

"Qui donc, le jour de la noce, mon doux pasteur, rendit gaie ma triste cahutte, mon doux pasteur ? Qui, le jour du baptême du pauvre, vint rire et chanter avec nous, faisant chanter nos cœurs, mon doux pasteur ?

"Qui, en ami sincère, mon doux pasteur, ne me railla jamais, mon doux pasteur, et à mon foyer sombre, apporta, les yeux pleins de larmes, ce que j'aurais dû lui porter, mon doux pasteur ?

"Oh ! c'est vous, c'est vous seul, mon doux pasteur, aussi vous ai-je voué mon doux pasteur, un amour qu'ils n'ébranleront jamais, mon doux pasteur, car nous suivons la même cause, la vieille cause de l'Irlande, mon doux pasteur."

And so I take farewell of this collection for the last time. Of a more comprehensive and skilful distribution of all our store of ballads I have often dreamed, as pleasant work for some long holiday, if any such should occur in a busy life ; but to this volume I will return no more.

PARIS, *July*, 1866.

PREFACE TO THE SIXTH EDITION.

THE publisher has called for a Sixth Edition of this volume, which, he informs me, has had a larger circulation than any book published in Ireland since the Union. I have accordingly spared no editorial labour to remove its casual blemishes, and add to the interest and variety of its contents. It now contains several ballads not in the early editions ; and an adequate Irish scholar, Mr. Eugene Curry, has been kind enough to supply the original, in the Gaelic character, of such Irish phrases as occur in it. With these emendations I commit it finally to the public—rejoicing that the popularity which I ventured to anticipate for our National Ballad Poetry is now being achieved, not only in the success of this volume, but by the recent publication of two similar collections, “The Book of Irish Ballads,” by my gifted friend, D. F. Mac-Carthy, and the “Ancient Poetry of Ireland,” published by M’Glashan, Dublin.

It has been objected against some of the ballads of chivalry and adventure, that they are not strictly Irish, inasmuch as their phraseology does not resemble the present language of the people. But this objection is inconsiderate. The ballads of modern Irish life must, and do, suggest the living dialects and habits of the country ; but the ballads of past times take their colour from the habits and thoughts belonging to their particular era, and their phraseology from the great storehouse of language in all nations—the ancient native poems and legends of the country. What they ought to suggest is *that* time, not this. There certainly must be the generic resemblance which is sure to be found in all simple and natural productions of the same race, and which the passionate, exaggerated, and coloured phraseology of the Celtic nations produces so remarkably in ours—but that is all. To make an Irish chieftain of the middle ages speak like an Irish peasant of this time would be, not to preserve, but to belie historic truth. But I have only space to indicate, not to discuss this subject.

DUBLIN, *October 10th*, 1846.

PREFACE TO THE FOURTH EDITION.

THREE editions of this collection having been exhausted in less than a month, the publisher has called upon me to prepare a fourth; and with this object I have gone over it carefully, and expunged as many as I could detect of the original sins incident to early editions—errors of the press, of haste, and of carelessness. Something of this kind was done for the Third Edition; but there was not leisure to do it carefully. It will now, I trust, be found tolerably free from errors of the class chargeable on an editor.

The success of these ballads seems to me to give happy promise of a vigorous and national literature in Ireland. Ballads have been among the first home-grown productions of all countries; and their popularity here now is no slight evidence that the national mind is still fresh and earnest, and has the impulses and propensities that belong to a young nation.

Poetry of action and passion is popular where action and passion, and faith and noble sentiment are still common. Poetry of reflection succeeds them in a lower state of public feeling.

It was a great achievement of Wordsworth to wed philosophy to the ballad, and to put a high moral purpose and large intellectual development into his ballad stories; but the ages that required only the simple passion and the obvious truth were ages of greater faith, worth, and heroism. Let us rejoice if we have not yet passed out of them.

In justice to our periodical literature, I ought to have stated in the Introduction that the ballads by Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Murray were taken from the *University Magazine*; those by Mr. Mangan from the *Irish Penny Journal*; the "Fate of the Forties," by Mr. H. G. Curran; "My Connor," and the "Irish Emigrant in North America," from the *Citizen*; Mr. Carleton's "Sir Turlough," from the *Dublin Literary Gazette*; and the ballads of Mr. Davis, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Keegan, Mr. Mac-Carthy, and Mr. Lane, as well as most of the anonymous ones, from the *Nation*.

RATHMINES, Aug. 26, 1845.

INTRODUCTION.

THE object of this collection is to vindicate the character of our native ballads, long and strangely misunderstood. But its title may suggest expectations which it cannot, and was by no means intended, to gratify. Let us, therefore, state, on the threshold, that it consists neither of the old bardic songs of the country, nor of the street ballads common in the mouths of the people. It has borrowed from both these sources ; but the main body of the collection is gathered from another class, chastened and elevated by modern art, but equally indigenous, and equally marked with a distinct native character.

The motive of this preference is obvious.

Such of the OLD BARDIC SONGS as have come down to us are locked up from the mass of readers in the Irish language, or in translations which are commonly as complete a disguise of their spirit and beauty. With a few exceptions, all the translations we are acquainted with, in addition to having abundance of minor faults, are eminently un-Irish. They seem to have been made by persons to whom one of the languages was not familiar. Many of them were confessedly versified from prose translations, and are mere English poems, without a tinge of the colour or character of the country. Others, translated by sound Irish scholars, are bald and literal ; the writers sometimes wanting a facility of versification, sometimes a mastery over the English language. The Irish scholars of the last century were too exclusively national to study the foreign tongue with the care essential to master its metrical resources ; and the flexible and weighty language, which they had not learned to wield, hung heavily on them,

“ Like Saul's plate armour on the shepherd boy,
Encumbering, and *not* arming them.”

If it were just to estimate our bardic poetry by the specimens we have received in this manner, it could not be rated

highly. But it would manifestly be most unjust. Noble and touching, and often subtle and profound thoughts, which no translation could entirely spoil, shine through the poverty of the style, and vindicate the character of the originals. Like the costly arms and ornaments found in our bogs, they are substantial witnesses of a distinct civilization; and their credit is no more diminished by the rubbish in which they chance to be found than the authenticity of the ancient *torques* and *skians* by their embedment in the mud. When the entire collection of our Irish Percy—James Hardiman—shall have been given to a public (and soon may such a one come) that can relish them in their native dress, they will be entitled to undisputed precedence in our national minstrelsy. Meantime, it is not in weak and distorted translations, but in something more instinct with life and vigour, we must look for the genuine spirit of Irish ballad poetry.

The COMMON BALLADS of the people were still less suitable. They have been already collected by Mr. Crofton Croker, and, united with the slang songs of a Scotch magazine, stray verses from provincial newspapers, and some bald translations from Latin poems of the middle ages, contributed to form a collection curiously entitled the “Popular Songs of Ireland.” Their popularity and Irishism were exactly on a par.

On the publication of that volume the English reviews and magazines took occasion to lament the poverty of this country in ballad poetry; and to contrast the noble minstrelsy of England and Scotland with the dull rubbish and professed caricature of which it was mainly composed. Their regret was very good-natured and very contemptuous. Since that period we have repeatedly observed similar injurious contrasts in English Journals, and even Dr. Cooke Taylor has fallen into the vulgar error of treating street ballads, written by the ballad-singers of Cork, or the hedge schoolmasters of Kerry, as the national minstrelsy of Ireland. Worthless as these productions commonly are, they are seldom much worse nonsense, and never half as bad morality, as the corresponding songs of murder, obscenity, and fraud, popular in the seaport and manufacturing towns of England. Their errors are the errors of ignorance. The tone is generally healthy and earnest, however the language may be bombastic or absurd. But, healthy or noxious, they

are as distinct from our genuine National Ballads as the noble collections of Percy and Scott from the filthy and repulsive street songs of Birmingham or Glasgow. Among the peasantry ballads certainly exist, written by men in the humblest station (but men without the slang or the vices of great cities), which are full of natural feeling and character. Of these we have gladly availed ourselves. But the mass of the street songs make no pretence to being true to Ireland; but only to being true to the *purlieus* of Cork and Dublin.

Another class remained: our ANGLO-IRISH BALLADS—the production of educated men, with English tongues but Irish hearts. From this class the greater part of our materials has been drawn; and we trust it will appear that in them, in the few street ballads not written to sell, but from the fulness of the heart, and in our adequate translations from the Irish, we possess a popular poetry, less ancient and precious, but not less instinct with the spirit of the country, than the venerable minstrelsy of England and Scotland.

Our Anglo-Irish ballads (like our best Anglo-Irish families) grew to be national gradually, but instinctively and half unconsciously. Before the time of Swift they were chiefly written by followers of the Court. They were, of course, satires on the country, or caricatures on the manners and language of the natives. French tyranny was said to be tempered by epigrams—English tyranny was then (as it has often been since) barbed with libels. Several of these early ballads have been preserved, but are little known, with the exception of Lord Wharton's "*Lillibulero*,"* a dull squib, to which the English Revolution of '88 is sometimes attributed. It is difficult to believe in a cause apparently so inadequate, and impossible to believe in its adequacy.

* As some of our readers may not have seen this once celebrated song, we subjoin the opening verses:—

“Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree,
 Lillibulero, bullena-a-la,
 Dat we shall have a new Deputec,
 Lillibulero, bullena-a-la,
 Lero, lero, Lillibulero, &c.
 Ho, by Shaint Tyburne, it is de Talbote,
 Lillibulero, &c.
 And he will cut de Englishman's troate,
 Lillibulero, &c.

Swift snatched these weapons out of the hands of the English faction, and turned them against their own breasts. He rescued our popular poetry from fribbles on the one hand, and from ignorant strollers on the other ; and gave it a vigour and concentration which it has never wholly lost. During his lifetime it became a power in the country—the obscure precursor of a Free Press. After his death it fell into weaker and ruder hands, but never into disuse. In the succeeding Jacobite struggles both parties had bitter song-writers, and some of their angry lyrics are popular, as political songs, to this day. A very trifling change in the *dramatis personæ* was at any time sufficient to refit them for use. A curious list might be made of the popular favourites who have successively monopolised them from James II. to O'Connell ; and from William III. to the late Dr. Boyton, the founder of the Brunswick Clubs.

The era of the Volunteers was rich in songs, one or two of which are still occasionally heard ; but ballads, in the restricted sense, there were few or none.* In '98 there was

“ Dough by my sowl de English do prat,
Lillibulero, &c.
De law's on dare side and Christ knows what ;
Lillibulero, &c.
But if de dispense do come from de Pope,
Lillibulero, &c.
We'll hang *Magna Charta* and them in a rope,
Lillibulero, &c.”

If these rhymes effected a revolution, there has been no such fortunate gabbling since the preservation of the Capitol. The only tolerable verses are the last two, which were added several years after the Revolution :—

“ Dare was an ould prophecy found in a bog,
Lillibulero, &c.
' Ireland shall be ruled by an ass and a dog,'
Lillibulero, &c.
And now dis prophecy is come to pass,
Lillibulero, &c.
For Talbote's† de dog, and James is de ass,
Lillibulero, &c.”

† Talbot is the name of a hound.

* By a ballad, I understand a short lyrical *narrative* poem ; by a song a lyrical poem of sentiment or passion. To constitute a ballad the narrative need not be continuous or regular, though it commonly is so. If it be suggested by repeated allusions, as in *Soggarth Aroon* or *Gille Machree*, that, I fancy, is enough to bring the poem under the class of ballad poetry.

abundance of both. The pens of Drennan, G. N. Reynolds, John Sheares, and Orr of Ballycastle, were industrious and prolific; and they had a large corps of obscurer associates. Of these songs nearly all are preserved, but only a few have lived, or deserved to live, in the memory of the people.* For the most part they were frigid in style, French in sentiment, and inflated or prosaic in language. When they were addressed to the body of the people it was in a diction too pedantic to be familiar, or too cold to be impressive. In truth, there was no soul in them. Drennan was a true poet, but from impulse or design he wrote solely for the middle classes. His exquisite ballads, although transparent as crystal, could never become popular among an uneducated peasantry. They wanted the idiomatic language and the familiar allusions absolutely essential to poetry for the people.

The Union had its stipendiary song writers, hired by Cooke and Castlereagh, and their labours are preserved in printed books, but in no man's memory. But such a struggle naturally kindled true poetry; and the hearty and vigorous verses of Lysaght are commonly sung to this day. His song of "Our Island" is a fine specimen of political verse—rough, strong, and impulsive, without much attention to method, but clear and simple as water.†

It is a strange circumstance that the best songs suggested by the Catholic Emancipation struggle were (with an illustrious exception) left unpublished till the victory was won. John Banim writes to Gerald Griffin, in 1827, that he is engaged on a series of Catholic songs, that he too may have a share in the great struggle. They were not published

* It is a curious fact, that in Belfast, reputedly so anti-national, these songs are continually republished, and have run through endless editions. Printed on coarse paper, and sold at a few pence, their circulation in Ulster alone counts by tens of thousands. The collection is still called, as it was on its first publication in '97, "*Paddy's Resource*;" popularly *Paddy's Race-horse*. The practice of printing them in Belfast was, no doubt, inherited from the time when that town was the chief seat of the United Irishmen.

† Here is a specimen of it:—

" May God in whose hand
Is the lot of each land,
Who rules over ocean and dry land,
Inspire our good King
I'll advisers to fling,
Ere destruction they bring on our Island !

till 1831. Callanan, in 1829, excuses the exasperated tone of one of his poems by stating that it was written before Emancipation, and under a bitter sense of injustice. It would be an impertinence to presume that the reader requires to be reminded the illustrious exception consists in the melodies of Thomas Moore.

Side by side with the political ballads* grew up another class, cultivated with greater art, and commanding large resources. Addison and Tickell, during their residence in Ireland, introduced the pastoral and romantic ballad into Anglo-Irish poetry. Some of the Old English ballads were then making their way into favour; and imitating them was a favourite amusement among the exiled poets. Tickell's "Leinster famed for pretty maids" was extremely popular in its day, but is chiefly valuable now as one of the first of a class to which Goldsmith, Parnell, Dermody, Mrs. Tighe, Miss Brooke, and Thomas Moore have since contributed various but very disproportionate amounts.

Many of the ballads in Percy are more familiarly known here than in England; but they were unquestionably imported, and found favour with a poetic people. Others, professedly older than Addison or Tickell, are of doubtful authenticity.†

Don't we feel 'tis our dear little Island,
A fertile and fair little Island!
May Orange and Green
No longer be seen
Distained with the blood of our Island!"

* We have spoken here of Anglo-Irish ballads alone. The popular poems in the native language, which England found it necessary to control by penalties and bribes—now forbidding the existence of bards within her territory, now hiring them to sing the praises of the English monarch outside the Pale—and which continued as thorns in her side through the ages of persecution down even to the last insurrection, are a distinct class. The risk attendant on popular celebrity during their lives, which often compelled them to hide their light, and the vulgar indifference to our native literature which since prevailed, have conspired to throw into obscurity the names and works of the brave men who kept alive the fire of patriotism in this country. But it would appear, from the success which the illustrious labours of Mr. Hardiman, and the more recent efforts of Mr. Daly have won, that it is not even yet a hopeless task to attempt recovering and preserving, in a regular digested series, writings so intimately connected with the heroic struggles and the venerable religion of the country.

† Long before the era of these poets, Waterford, Limerick, and some other of our corporate towns, had their early annals, or particular periods

But it was during the last fifty years that the most valuable and characteristic contributions have been made to our native ballads. Till then the genius of the country had scarcely learned to use the English language for its highest necessities. The majority of the people spoke their native tongue exclusively. The upper classes, connected with them by ties of kindred, patriotism, or religion, cultivated it with the same care bestowed upon English. The legends and songs of the country were scarcely known in any but their native dress; and many of the middle classes who used English in intercourse or business, prayed, sang, and recited the traditions of the land in their dear native tongue. We know many families where this custom prevails among the elder branches to this hour. Unfortunately, the youth are relaxing one of the proudest and tenderest ties that bound our people to their country.

Out of the general use of English grew a class of ballads which for the first time clothed the passions and feelings of the native race in that tongue. The ballads of Tickell and Goldsmith, and even those of Dermody and Mrs. Tighe, were only Irish in incident and feeling, not in complexion or phraseology. There is an Anglo-Irish language as easily discriminated from London English as the dialect of Saxon spoken in the Lowlands of Scotland. This is not the gibberish of bulls and broken English—the “Teddy, my jewels,” and “Paddy, my joys,” which abound in the caricatures of Irish songs. It is a dialect fired with the restless imagination, and coloured with the strong passions of our nation.

Irish songs ought to be, and the best of them are, as markedly Irish, even in language, as those of Burns or Motherwell are Scotch. Of this class Griffin, Banim, Callanan, Davis, Ferguson, Lover, Mangan, Walsh, and several other writers, have given us exquisite specimens. They have taught the native muse to become English in language without growing un-Irish in character. This is a lesson we must never permit her to forget.

Hence three distinct classes of ballads were open for selection, and we have borrowed largely from each. But

of them, recorded in rude ballad verse, full of interest to the antiquary and philologist, but of no literary merit; they were not ballads but versified annals. Specimens of them may be seen in the local histories.

from this last class the largest and, we believe, the richest quota has been drawn. Not alone in poetic merit, and in picturesque illustrations of the habits and traditions of the people, but in nationality of spirit and language they claim the first place. They are Irish, not in the accident of their birthplace, like some of the great men whom we claim as countrymen on doubtful grounds, but *essentially*, in character and spirit.

It is certain that the ballad is fully as susceptible as the novel of this distinct and intrinsic nationality. No stranger ever did or can write the popular poetry of any people. How seldom can he even imitate successfully their peculiar idioms—the more mechanical portion of such a task. The snatches of old sayings that imply so much more than they express ; the traditional forms into which the liquid thought runs as unconsciously as the body drops into its accustomed gait ; the familiar beliefs and disbeliefs that have become a second nature as much a part of himself as the first ; the very tone and accent of passion by which his ear and heart were first mastered ; these and a hundred other involuntary influences help to colour and modulate the poet's verse and to give it the charm of native raciness. These are just what a stranger never can by any miracle of genius imitate ; and, except in rare instances of cultivated and Catholic taste, cannot even relish.

But, if this be true of poetry in general, it is more strictly applicable to ballad poetry.

It least of all can dispense with the only ornaments to which it makes any pretence. Like Carleton's peasant, it ought to be Irish "from the skin out and from the coat in." The early Anglo-Irish ballads written after Goldsmith and Tickell, and recent ones of the same school, are so deficient in this respect as to be almost blank of complexional affinity to the country. They are not Irish but cosmopolitan ; and arrive at such a result as might be accomplished by re-writing the novels of Scott or Banim on the theory of Godwin, who would not condescend to copy the vulgar dialect of the streets or the fields ! But our present selections do not err in this particular ; they are, for the most part, remarkably "racy of the soil."

Many of them, and generally the best, are just as essen-

tially Irish as if they were written in Gaelic.* They could have grown among no other people, perhaps under no other sky. To an Englishman, to any Irishman educated out of the country, or to a dreamer asleep to impressions of scenery and character, they would be achievements as impossible as the Swedish *Skalds* or the "Arabian Nights." They are as Irish as Ossian or Carolan, and unconsciously reproduce the spirit of those poets better than any translator can hope to do. They revive and perpetuate the vehement native songs that gladdened the halls of our princes in their triumphs, and wailed over their ruined hopes or murdered bodies. In everything but language, and almost in language, they are identical. That strange tenacity of the Celtic race, which makes a description of their habits and propensities when Cæsar was still a Proconsul in Gaul, true in essentials of the Irish people to this day, has enabled them to infuse the ancient and hereditary spirit of the country into all that is genuine of our modern poetry. And even the language grew almost Irish. The soul of the country, stammering its passionate grief and hatred in a strange tongue, loved still to utter them in its old familiar idioms and cadences. Uttering them, perhaps, with more piercing earnestness, because of the impediment; and winning, out of the very difficulty, an unconscious grace and triumph.

Some of the nameless, indefinite charms that win every reader of genuine Anglo-Irish song are traceable to this source. In any *pseudo* Irish ballad, where phrases from the Irish language are introduced to give it a tinge of the country, they lie upon the surface, refusing to coalesce with it. They are clearly alien and antagonistic, and have no business there. But in the *Caoinés* recited by women to whom English was less familiar than their native tongue, with which they eked it out on every emergency, or in the expression of vehement feeling of any sort, the two languages seem to have dissolved in the heat of passion, and

* More than half a century ago, Ritson, a careful and conscientious critic, conceived that while there was a marked difference between English and Scotch songs, there was properly none between English and Irish, the latter being either purely English or mere gibberish. His misconception prevails to this day, even in Ireland. If Banim's poetry had ever become popular, it would have made such a belief impossible; but even Mr. Lover's songs, though less absolutely native flowers of the soil, ought to have dissipated it long ago.

fused into each other like kindred gases. In some of Callanan's ballads this cordial union is felicitously illustrated ; and recently in the verses of Mr. Ferguson, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Walsh.

The ordinary effect of native poetry is to cherish love of home and homely associations, which, elevated and spiritualized, becomes love of country. In Ireland it may have another, more restricted, but not less important influence. If the belief be well founded, that a national school of poetry is about to spring up among us, such models will be of countless value to our young writers in forming their taste and attracting their studies in a profitable direction.

The rudest snatch of native song may give a higher impulse to the mind of the young poet than the most faultless specimen of English verse. To reach the heart of his nation he must borrow the tones that naturally and habitually speak its feelings.

"Thy voice I'll steal to woo thyself,
That voice that none can match."

Burns recognized this truth, or by one of the happy intuitions that belong to genius, fell naturally into the practice of it. It was among the old Scotch song-writers, men inferior to himself in everything but a knowledge of the strong, graphic language of the people, that first and last he looked for models. And with such unpromising materials, and no others, see what strange wonders he has wrought. He wooed poetry from the saloon and the library to become household among the poorest peasantry in Europe : elevated the uncouth dialect of his native hills to be familiar to fifty millions of men among the most powerful and civilized of modern nations. And in this nationality lay his strength, not alone among his own people, but among all people. His English songs are comparatively neglected ; his Scotch songs, with their provincial and unpronounceable phraseology, are in the mouths of more men than spoke his native tongue when he began to mould it into rustic verse.

The ballads of Griffin, Callanan, and such songs of Banim as are not offensive for prosiness or vulgarity, are the most precious models we possess. Even their errors and excesses lean in the right direction.

Some of Griffin's simple ballads are gushes of feeling that smite the heart like the cry of a woman. Such is his "*Gille*

Machree,"* a strain of the noblest sentiment in the simplest language, and both as essentially Irish as the distinctive names or features of our race.

Callanan is generally less native in phraseology, but some of his translations from the Gaelic have caught the spirit and idiomatic character of the language in a wonderful manner. They are "more Irish than the Irish itself."

In the few verses which Banim has left us, the most extravagant contrasts are common. Some of them are exquisitely moulded in structure and language. Some of them sink down to the rank of street ballads; but in all it is obvious that he kept the right principle in view, and laboured to make them as faithful an echo of the national heart as his prose fictions. In the main he succeeded. His "*Soggarth Aroon*" † is perhaps the most Irish ballad in existence. Simple and rugged as it is, it would stir the soul of Ireland more than any song that ever fell from human lips. And this spell is apart from the subject. Its spirit is perhaps too subtle to be analyzed; but the truth of the sentiment, the felicity of the language, and the passionate earnestness of the feeling, are elements that lie near the surface. "*Scots wha hae*" is not a truer and scarcely a nobler embodiment of a national sentiment.

Our great living poet,

"The sweetest lyrist of our saddest wrongs,"

did not choose to add this native grace to his other attractions. He sang our wrongs in the language of the wronger. The genius, the incidents, the inspirations, are native, but the dialect, the idioms, are pure Saxon. The story is the story of Esau, but the voice is unequivocally the voice of Jacob. Possibly, it was better for the fame and even for the utility of Moore that this was so. His songs might never have sunk as they did into the heart of England, if in addition to the sin of patriotism they had been tainted with the vulgarity of mere Irish peculiarities. But the poet has not the gift of tongues, and the language that thrilled the saloons of fashion would fall tamely on the circle gathered round the farmer's hearth. Moore, like Cæsar's illustrious rival, extended his conquests over the nations of the civilized world, while there were still tracks in his native country that had never fallen under his sway.

* See page 39.

† See page 57.

Among the recent native poets whose ballads enrich our collection, the first place indisputably belongs to Clarence Mangan. His name will sound strange to many ears, but there is none among the literary class in this country to whom it is not dear and estimable. None, we earnestly believe, who can be considered among his rivals who will not cheerfully proclaim his title to the first place. The systematic seclusion of his literary life has robbed him of fame ; but it has given him the love of his own order untainted by a single jealousy. Mangan's powers are marked and peculiar. In perception of nature or truth, in force of imagination, in the development of the passions, in pathos, and in humour, many of his cotemporaries equal, some exceed him. But he has not, and perhaps never had, any rival in mastery of the metrical and rhythmical resources of the English tongue. His power over it is something wholly wonderful. His metres (some of them invented, some transplanted from the German) are often as singular and impressive as the wonderful metres of Campbell ; but within these formal limits his imagination moves as freely as if they were the ordinary moulds in which thought is cast. And, vehement or subdued, it is still the same. His war-songs have the swing and the force of a battering-ram. His passionate love verses the soft spontaneous flow of a summer wind. Unfortunately, few of his productions fall within our limits. While he has made German and Oriental poetry* familiar to a large class of readers, he has comparatively seldom chosen to illustrate our native literature. But such translations from the Irish as he has made are so singularly racy and characteristic that we have included them all in the present collection.

Mr. Ferguson's† ballads differ from Mangan's as Scott's poetry differs from Coleridge's. They are not reflective and metaphysical, but romantic or historical. They are

* See the papers entitled *Anthologia Germanica* and *Literæ Orientales*, in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

† There is perhaps no single writer who, at his age (fortunately he is still a young man), has done more to serve and honour Ireland than Samuel Ferguson. In addition to his poetry, his *Historical Tales*, which are always graphic and picturesque, and have some scenes of wonderful power—and his *Essays on the Attractions and Capabilities of Ireland*, published some years ago in the *University Magazine*, have exercised a wide and powerful influence in nationalizing the sentiments and pursuits of the literary and professional classes in this country.

not suggestive or didactic, but fired with a living and local interest. They appeal to the imagination and passions, not to the intellect. Their inspiration is external; they are coloured with scenery and costume, and ventilated with the free air of the country. In this respect they are of a class with the old English and Scotch ballads, and with Scott's, Burns's, and Southey's, rather than with Schiller's, Wordsworth's, Moore's, or Tennyson's. It seems probable that Mr. Ferguson holds ballad poetry to have been vitiated by the excesses of reflection over incident. Certainly, as it has grown less epic and more didactic, the ballad character has been slowly disappearing, till in Locksley Hall* we have a noble and impulsive poem; but one scarcely more a ballad than Darwin's *Garden* or the *Essay on Man*.

Of some writers of long-established reputation, such as Mr. Carleton, Dr. Anster, and Mr. Lover, it is needless to speak. Others we forbear to notice individually, from obvious motives; for happily, we are not gathering this garland chiefly from graves.

It may be observed that we have inserted no ballads from the "Spirit of the Nation," or from "Hardimans' Minstrelsy." We omitted them because they are already familiar to the public, or easily attainable. We have, however, availed ourselves of a few uncollected ballads by the contributors to the former volume, which will be found to belong to the class we chiefly sought. They are Irish in "thought, word, and expression."

Two or three of the rustic ballads will afford fine studies for our young writers. It is from the works of the people themselves they will catch the truest inspiration in writing for the people. And these rude ballads, with nearly all the faults of their class, have also a natural, unpremeditated beauty essentially their own. They are not works of art, but, what is higher and rarer, works of nature. Spontaneous poetry, struck out like sparks in the heat and clash of strange events.

Verses of this class are very rare, and seem to have been produced in single specimens; thrown off in a frenzy of passion of some sort—anger, or love, or jealousy. The number of single songs of wonderful beauty in the Scotch Minstrelsy is remarkable; and something of the same kind

* "Tennyson's Poems," vol. ii.

but to a smaller extent, is observable in English ballad poetry. The reason is obvious—they are not the fruits of art, which rears new blossoms at its will—but of strong casual feeling, kindled by circumstances, and possibly never revived.

Here, then, and in some scattered songs, we have nearly all that is essentially native in Anglo-Irish poetry. With these, and by intercourse with the people, the student of poetry must imbue his mind with the language and sentiments of the people. If he have a heart for his task, love and zeal will make it easy.*

Beyond mere students (but including them), these ballads may possibly accomplish another good. Their strength and simplicity may exercise a useful influence on the national taste. The songs of the people run habitually into rant and extravagance; and this fault is not confined to the ignorant—it amounts to a national vice.

The reason is obvious. To a highly sensitive and poetic people, passion or harmony, abstractly from the ideas with which it chances to be associated, is in itself a keen enjoyment. They relish it as a form of power and beauty; and when this taste runs into excess, the wildest nonsense, uttered with vehemence by a speaker, or moulded into harmony by a versifier, obtains popular applause. Hence, the radical fault of our poetry and oratory is an excess of “purple words.” The ear and the fancy are cultivated, to the neglect of the intellectual perceptions; and the result is the production and the popularity of rodomontade. The cure for this vice is simplicity or the hardest abstraction; simplicity that will restore or establish a healthy taste; abstraction that will discipline the mind into the habit of stripping and examining the ideas presented to it.

Perhaps half the remedy may be found in ballads like these, full of native and simple strength.

* Love of his task is an indispensable condition to the success of the artist or poet. Nature is beautiful, *exactly* in proportion to our affection for her; as the face of his mistress grows upon a lover with deeper and truer beauty, as love grows strong in his heart—that is to say, in another form, as his insight becomes clearer to the latent good—for the beauty in nature, or in his mistress, is *not* created by the imagination, but discovered by the perceptions becoming keener and stronger—discovered as true and suitable, and *appertaining to nature*, whether or not it exists where we fancy we have detected it. Thus love becomes an instinctive guide to the intellect, and is the main condition necessary to success in intellectual action.

English poetry was rescued from the vices of artificiality and feebleness by the publication of the vigorous old English ballads. They infused into it a new soul, full of native fire, and scorched up the flimsy, pretentious conceits which preceded them. The collection of their native ballads was a memorable era in the literary history, not only of England, but of Scotland. It was the beginning of an age of great achievements. To Bishop Percy's labours England owes in no remote degree some of the most precious writings of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Tennyson, and Macaulay. In Scotland the collection of Border Minstrelsy, with its legendary and antiquarian illustration, contains the germs of all Scott's after-writings in verse and prose; and of the happiest efforts of Hogg, Leyden, Motherwell, and Allan Cunningham. To these ballads and to Burns is perhaps equally owing, that the literature of Scotland is the most national in the world.

In Germany, modern ballads accomplish the same end to a profounder extent. When Burger, Goethe, and Schiller taught the native muse to renounce foreign models, and become German in spirit and form, an intellectual revolution commenced, which has influenced Europe no less widely than the political revolution of France. Many who never heard the name of Goethe, multitudes to whom German is a locked up treasure, have shared this influence.

Let us hope that our native ballads also will herald the happy coming of a native literature. They are not agents unworthy of such an end, With the old british ballads we make no comparison that does not imply their superiority in many respects. It is undoubtedly to their inspiration we owe nearly our entire collection, with the exception of translations. The idea of making ballads was borrowed, as the idea of making coined money was borrowed; but the gold is native, and the impress of our own nation is distinctly stamped upon each specimen. The world-famous German ballads were suggested by the same models, and if, like them, *our* ballads frequently exceed the originals in force and variety, as they naturally do in artistic effect, it is all that was possible to accomplish. You cannot manufacture antiques. To us it seems certain that success at home is all they require to take their place permanently among the ballad poetry of Europe.

But they must have this passport to other nations.

No generation of men has grown up with their sad, sweet music sounding in its ears, kindling lofty sentiments in the fresh heart of youth, and keeping manliness and natural piety warm in the breast of manhood. But if this be their mission among the rising generation, their success abroad may be as wide as the triumphs of our national music. They may be received, as it is received throughout the world, as the genuine voice of the country ; and relieve us from the reproach (which we suffer wherever the English language prevails) of having produced no other native songs than the caricature and nonsense that represent Irish ballad poetry at present.

The hedge schoolmasters were the ballad writers of the last generation, and the vices of the class, their pedantry, pretension, and grossness, are faithfully mirrored in their verses. They are redeemed by one virtue only—a passionate love of country. But it is an ignorant and misleading love ; promising impossible events, and looking outwards to Spain, France, Italy, or Utopia, never inward to the nation itself, for hope or succour. The new generation, trained by a different class of men, can no more go back to this literary garbage than to Manson and Voster, and the chaotic school-books of the last century. It will be well if it be succeeded in their esteem by poetry that will avoid its vices without falling into new vices of its own.

What poets they shall read and love, is no unimportant question ; very much the contrary. Poetry has been named the “sister of religion,” a presumptuous title ; but it is impossible to deny that it often lies like a quickening compost at the root of faith and morals. Operating on our feelings, the centre of weakness and sensibility, it has us at its will ; and must inevitably be a great curse or a great blessing. Sometimes it is a curse ; the dramatists and versifiers of the Restoration were panders to the lowest vices ; and our own generation has not been without a taint of the same poison. But the *best* poetry of every age purifies and elevates, and is the parent of noble impulses and great achievements. Its influence is of unmixed good ; a law within the law ; and the narrowest Utilitarian might admit it into his scheme of popular improvement as a distinct and powerful element of good.

A great national teacher would assuredly devise to make the highest poetry familiar to the minds and habits of his

people. He would aim to make it an enjoyment in youth that it might become a second conscience in manhood and old age.

‘ Blessing be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight—by heavenly lays !”

Where it is a common enjoyment, civilization has not much to do. How large an influence the household popularity of Burns in Scotland, and the habitual music of their bold, free songs on the Swiss hills, has had on the national character of both people. Even among the most cultivated men, and in the most artificial state of society, Poetry is an honoured ally of the Law and the Pulpit. Its special task in such a case is to keep alive the heroic virtues, and to exercise the selfish vices of prosperity from the heart. What Wordsworth has done for spirituality in England, the labours of no preacher of his generation can match. The great poet is a preacher, with an empire for his congregation.

A few words still remain on the mode in which the materials of the present volume were collected, and have been arranged. The task of collecting them was an easy one. Any tolerably furnished Irish library contains all the books (excepting a collection of ballads and some recent periodicals) in which they were found. Another volume of equal size might still be gathered from the same source. We have only sifted, not exhausted the collection.*

In preparing the volume for the press, all ballads on Irish subjects written by Englishmen, and all ballads on English or foreign subjects written by Irishmen, have been omitted. The subjects and the authors are exclusively national.†

Another class entirely excluded are the slang songs, imitating supposed Irish peculiarities ; peculiarities which Irishmen exhibit upon the stage, but nowhere else on the surface of the earth. In a farce, a lawyer is always a

* 1866. Several such volumes have since been published.

† The “Forging of the Anchor,” and the “Forester’s Complaint” may be considered exceptions to this rule, the subjects being such as more habitually belong to England, a maritime and sylvan country. But they do not *exclusively* belong to England, and there is not the smallest allusion to her in either of them ; on the contrary, the author being an Irishman, had, we believe, his own country alone in view.

knave, a doctor always a quack, and an Irishman always a professional rake, who talks a conventional jargon interlarded with "my joy," and "my jewel;" speaks of a pistol as a "mighty pretty tool;" kisses every woman, and cudgels or challenges every man he meets. The slang songs are the versified language of this stage Irishman, and bear as much resemblance to the dialect of the peasantry who till our fields, or the squires who possess them, as the stage lawyer does to Mr. Pigot and Mr. Henn, or the stage doctor to Dr. Stokes and Dr. Corrigan. Though these songs have obtained a disgraceful popularity in Ireland, there are none of them in this collection.

In arranging the ballads we have rather contrasted than classified them.

They are placed neither in order of time nor in distinct classes; but rather with a view to suggest variety and comparison; and to afford the greatest amount of enjoyment. If our bardic and our middle-age minstrelsy had become familiar to the country, in the original or in adequate translations, the time for classification would have arrived. But we must collect before we discriminate, and we are still in the first stage. When all our stories are gathered and arranged—when we can read the native songs on the Danish *raids*, on the English Invasion, on the Pale, on the Reformation, on the Penal Laws, on the Jacobite struggles, and compare with them the Scandinavian *skalds*, the poetry and literature (native or imported) which flourished inside the Pale, the songs that were sung in the Cromwellian bawns, in the mansions of the Orange squirearchy, and in the farm-houses of the Orange yeomanry, we shall have attained insights into the heart of History which a tower-full of state papers would not afford.

Then the classification of our native poetry will become a work of science. Now our materials are so scanty and so incongruous that any digestion of them, with a view to furnishing materials for the philosophy of History, would only issue in a result resembling some of the projected American cities, with their squares of one angle, and their streets of one house.

Wherever they seemed tolerably necessary we have appended notes, plain and short, as often as possible adopting the author's own words. They are nearly always simply illustrative of the text or of the poet's character or position;

critical notes from an Editor (who stands in the same relation to his book as a counsel to his client) being generally an impertinence.

Tunes are usually given with the old English ballads, the custom being to chant them in a kind of monotonous recitative. But most of the ballads in this collection, and the best modern ballads generally, were certainly written to be recited, not sung. The length and structure of the poems, the emphasis and the pauses, are regulated with a view to the elocutionist—not to the minstrel or musician. Wordsworth has expressly said that he desires to have such of his poems as are not essentially lyrical delivered without any accompaniment—in fact, *recited*. And it may be doubted whether the effect of a narrative poem, however short, and of however simple a metre, is not always most perfectly elicited by an impassioned recitation. A sentiment seems best fitted to be sung, a passion to be declaimed, a narrative to be recited.

For the enjoyment of poetry, elocution should become a more general study. No modern ballad can receive its full development without it; and it is so agreeable and graceful an accomplishment that the neglect of it is not easily understood. Since it has replaced music, as the partner of the ballad, it ought to be found in the drawing-room and in the family circle, where it has intrinsic merit to take rank with our most intellectual enjoyments. Schoolboys and schoolmasters may have sometime made it contemptible; but the hurdy-gurdy does not destroy our enjoyment of music, nor ranting our respect for the drama.

However, when a ballad was manifestly intended to be sung, we have carefully inserted the air the writer had in view.

In many of the ballads the names of places and persons are used, not in their original and correct forms, but in the common English corruptions of them. As Tyrone for Tir-Eoghan, Hugh for Aodh. This is a practice so universal that it would be noticeable nowhere but in productions professedly and essentially native. Here it is clearly a serious defect. We originally intended to expunge these gothicisms, and have the original Irish names inserted on the best accessible authority. But we found the change would, in many instances, injure the metre by deficient or

redundant syllables; and sometimes utterly efface the rhyme. These were irresistible objections.

We need not apologize for making this not a party or sectarian, but strictly a national collection. Whatever could illustrate the character, passions, or opinions of any class of Irishmen, that we gladly adopted. Our duty is to know each other. To learn how much is mutually to be loved, that we may love it; how much is mutually to be disliked, that we may forgive it. Everything contributing to this end ought to be regarded as precious. Some of the Ulster ballads, of a restricted and provincial spirit, having less in common with Ireland than with Scotland; two or three Orange ballads, altogether ferocious or foreign in their tendencies (preaching murder, or deifying an alien), will be no less valuable to the patriot or the poet on this account. They echo faithfully the sentiments of a strong, vehement, and indomitable body of Irishmen, who may come to battle for their country better than ever they battled for their prejudices or their bigotries. At all events, to know what they love and believe is a precious knowledge.

Every household in Scotland, from the peasant-farmer's upwards, as Lockhart proudly assures us, has its copy of Burns lying side by side with the family Bible. The young men, nurtured upon this strong food, go forth to contend with the world; and in every kingdom of the earth they are to be found filling posts of trust and honour trustfully and honourably. In Germany every boy—student, apprentice, or peasant—learns the ballads of Schiller and Goethe with his first catechism; and from boyhood to old age they furnish a feast that never palls, and a stimulant that grows stronger with use. In the northern countries the national *skalds*, recounting the early triumphs of the Sea-kings (in which their encounters with the Irish Princes form a large and to us unspeakably interesting portion) are still sung or circulated habitually as a section of their permanent literature. In Arragon and Castile the chronicles of the Cid, and the ballads of their long and heroic struggles against the Moor, still feed that noble pride of race which lifts the Spanish people above the meaner vices, and makes them in spirit and conduct a nation of gentlemen.

It would be hasty and presumptuous to assume that our native ballads will ever exercise a corresponding influence. But surely it is greatly to be desired that they should. A

people without native poetry are naked to a multitude of evil influences. Not only do they want the true nursing mother of patriotism and virtue, but their first impressions of literature—the impressions that pursue us through life like our shadows—are liable to be caught from a foreign, a prejudiced, or a poisonous source. A source perilous to their public or their personal virtue.

If they should become popular at all, it will probably be in no limited degree. The intense relish of the Celtic race for poetry of action and passion,* and their loving pride in whatever is exclusively their own, give the measure of their possible success. And if such rich seed sink into the national mind, it will certainly be to produce a harvest greatly richer and more plentiful. It is models and method alone we require. Among a race so full of sensibility and impulsiveness, so familiar with endurance, unselfishness, and courage, who live amid scenes of natural beauty and heroic recollections, and with whom imagination and invention are gifts so common, poetry is already at home; and a great Peasant-Poet may, sooner or later, be expected to arise who will give voice and form to sentiments and aspirations which are the common property of the entire people.

* "*The Battle of Aughrim*," an historical play, written in the English interest, but with enough of dramatic skill to make the Irish leaders talk and act naturally, is, in lieu of better, a universal favourite with the people. Speeches from it are learned and recited by boys of all classes; but not of all parties; those for which it was written and performed (till its performance was prohibited) seem to have lost sight of it, or to regard it as a seditious production; the direct reverse being the fact. The author, a student of Trinity College, and a zealous Orangeman, wrote it to glorify English rule in Ireland. To the sons of the oppressed Catholics, however, especially in Ulster, it was often the first revelation that their people had once been great soldiers, and had contended on equal terms with their present masters.

THE
BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

GILLE MACHREE.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN,

Author of "The Collegians," &c.

[Gerald Griffin stands in the first rank of Irish novelists. If the natural bent of his genius had not been crossed by weak counsel and baffled hopes, he might have become our greatest native poet. Poetry was his first inspiration, and he loved it to the last; but it was a passion only, it never became an art to him. While he was still a boy, drifting in his boat on the Shannon, and planning a career of great achievements, he had already designed a series of tragedies, to which it is now certain his powers were fully adequate. But a life of feverish anxieties, of slavish drudgery for London booksellers and London newspapers, of killing uncertainty and disappointments, aggravated by his own anxious and sensitive nature, left him no leisure for the development of his great designs. After toiling for ten years, he retreated from the world, took refuge in the Society of Christian Brothers, and devoted himself to works of morality and education, till a fever fell upon him in 1840, of which he died in the prime of his powers. Since his death one of the tragedies designed in his boyhood, and completed among the tumult of his distracting engagements, was produced on the London stage, and pronounced to be "the greatest drama of our times." His poems have been since collected in a volume, and attained to instant popularity. These are only fragments of his projected works, but they afford sure indications that if it had been his fate to live at home, in peace, honour, and enjoyment, his attainment to the first place among our dramatic poets would have been easy and certain.]

*Gille machree,**
Sit down by me,
We now are joined and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever!

* *Smile mo óróide, brightener of my heart.*

When I was poor,
Your father's door
Was closed against your constant lover ;
With care and pain,
I tried in vain
My fortunes to recover.
I said, "To other lands I'd roam,
Where fate may smile on me, love ;"
I said, "Farewell, my own old home !"
And I said, "Farewell to thee, love !"
Sing, *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
Come live with me, your own true lover—
I know a spot,
A silent cot,
Your friends can ne'er discover,
Where gently flows the waveless tide
By one small garden only ;
Where the heron waves his wings so wide,
And the linnet sings so lonely !
Sing, *Gille machree*, &c.

I might have said,
My mountain maid,
A father's right was never given
True hearts to curse
With tyrant force
That have been blest in heaven.
But then I said, "In after years,
When thoughts of home shall find her,
My love may mourn with secret tears
Her friends thus left behind her."
Sing, *Gille machree*, &c.

Oh, no, I said,
My own dear maid,

For me, though all forlorn for ever,
That heart of thine
Shall ne'er repine
O'er slighted duty—never.
From home and thee though wandering far,
A dreary fate be mine, love—
I'd rather live in endless war,
Than buy my peace with thine, love.
Sing, *Gille machree*, &c.

Far, far away,
By night and day,
I toiled to win a golden treasure ;
And golden gains
Repaid my pains
In fair and shining measure.
I sought again my native land,
Thy father welcomed me, love ;
I poured my gold into his hand,
And my guerdon found in thee, love ;
Sing, *Gille machree*,
Sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever ;
This hearth's our own,
Our hearts are one,
And peace is ours for ever.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

BY THE COUNTESS OF GIFFORD.

I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side
On a bright May mornin', long ago,
When first you were my bride :
The corn was springin' fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high—
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The *place* is little changed, Mary,
The day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath, warm on my cheek,
And I still keep list'nin' for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near—
The church where we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here.
But the graveyard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest—
For I've laid you, darling ! down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends ;
But, oh ! they love the better still,
The few our Father sends !
And you were all *I* had, Mary,
My blessin' and my pride !
There's nothin' left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Your's was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone ;
There was comfort even on *your* lip,
And the kind look on your brow—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,
When the hunger pain was gnawin' there,
And you hid it for *my* sake ;

I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore—
Oh ! I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more !

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true !
But I'll not forget *you*, darling,
In the land I'm goin' to :
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair !

And often in those grand old woods
I'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springin' corn, and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

THE PRETTY GIRL OF LOCH DAN.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON,

Author of the "Hibernian Nights' Entertainments," &c.

THE shades of eve had crossed the glen
That frowns o'er infant Avonmore,
When, nigh Loch Dan, two weary men,
We stopped before a cottage door.

"God save all here !" my comrade cries,
And rattles on the raised latch-pin ;
"God save you kindly !" quick replies
A clear sweet voice, and asks us in.

We enter ; from the wheel she starts,
A rosy girl with soft black eyes ;
Her fluttering court'sy takes our hearts,
Her blushing grace and pleased surprise.

Poor Mary, she was quite alone—
For, all the way to Glenmalure,
Her mother had that morning gone,
And left the house in charge with her.

But neither household cares, nor yet
The shame that startled virgins feel,
Could make the generous girl forget
Her wonted hospitable zeal.

She brought us, in a beechen bowl,
Sweet milk that smacked of mountain thyme ;
Oat cake, and such a yellow roll
Of butter—it gilds all my rhyme !

And, while we ate the grateful food
(With weary limbs on bench reclined),
Considerate and discreet, she stood
Apart, and listened to the wind.

Kind wishes both our souls engaged,
From breast to breast spontaneous ran
The mutual thought—we stood and pledged,
THE MODEST ROSE ABOVE LOCH DAN.

“The milk we drink is not more pure,
Sweet Mary—bless those budding charms !
Than your own generous heart, I'm sure,
Nor whiter than the breast it warms !”

She turned and gazed, unused to hear
Such language in that homely glen ;
But, Mary, you have nought to fear,
Though smiled on by two stranger men.

Not for a crown would I alarm
Your virgin pride by word or sign,
Nor need a painful blush disarm
My friend of thoughts as pure as mine.

Her simple heart could not but feel
The words we spoke were free from guile,
She stooped, she blushed—she fixed her wheel—
'Tis all in vain—she can't but smile!

Just like sweet April's dawn appears
Her modest face—I see it yet—
And though I lived a hundred years,
Methinks I never could forget

The pleasure that, despite her heart,
Fills all her downcast eyes with light—
The lips reluctantly apart,
The white teeth struggling into sight;

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek,—
The rosy cheek that won't be still!
Oh! who could blame what flatterers speak,
Did smiles like this reward their skill?

For such another smile, I vow,
Though loudly beats the midnight rain,
I'd take the mountain-side e'en now,
And walk to Luggelaw again!

THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN,

Author of "German Anthology," &c.

[This ballad was intended as a rebuke to the saucy pride of a woman in humble life, who assumed airs of consequence from being the possessor of three cows. Its author's name is unknown, but its age can be determined, from the language, as belonging to the early part of the seventeenth century. That it was formerly very popular in Munster may be concluded from the fact, that the phrase, "Easy, oh woman of the three cows!"* has become a saying in that province, on any occasion upon which it is desirable to lower the pretensions of a boastful or consequential person.]

O, WOMAN of Three Cows, agragh ! don't let your
tongue thus rattle !

O, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have
cattle.

I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say
what's true—

A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud
as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be
their despiser ;

For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the
very miser :

And death soon strips the proudest wreath from
haughty human brows.

Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman
of Three Cows !

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's
descendants,

'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the
grand attendants !

* So περί α βhean na ττηι mbo.

If *they* were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal
bows,
Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of
Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land
to mourning;
Movrone !* for they were banish'd, with no hope of
their returning—
Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were
driven to house?
Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O Woman of
Three Cows!

O, think of Donnell of the ships, the Chief whom
nothing daunted—
See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, un-
chanted!
He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot
rouse—
Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman
of Three Cows!

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names
are shrin'd in story—
Think how their high achievements once made Erin's
greatest glory—
Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and
cypress boughs,
And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of
Three Cows!

Th' O'Carrolls, also, famed when fame was only for
the boldest,
Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and
oldest;
Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman
of Three Cows!

* *ma bpon*, my grief.

BALLAD POETRY OF IRELAND.

Your neighbour's poor, and you, it seems, are big with
vain ideas,
Because, *inagh* !* you've got three cows, one more, I
see, than *she* has ;
That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity
allows—
But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of
Three Cows !

THE SUMMING-UP.

Now, there you go ! You still, of course, keep up your
scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you ; but, by the cloak
I'm wearing,
If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you were
my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of
Three Cows !

THE FAIRY CHILD.

BY DR. ANSTER,

Translator of "Faust," &c.

[The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child stolen by a fairy. I need not mention how prevalent the superstition was among the peasantry, which attributed instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.]

THE summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow—
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow ;

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender ;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet, soft splendour.

* Forsooth.

My little boy lay on my bosom,
While his soul the song was quaffing ;
The joy of his soul had ting'd his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing.

I sate alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying ;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying !

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning ;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning.

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted !

Oh ! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow ;
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow !

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chanted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

SIR TURLOUGH, OR THE CHURCHYARD BRIDE.

BY WILLIAM CARLETON,

Author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry," &c.

[In the churchyard of Erigle Truagh, in the barony of Truagh, county Monaghan, there is said to be a spirit which appears to persons whose families are there interred. Its appearance, which is generally made in the following manner, is uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unhappy as to meet with it. When a funeral takes place, it watches the person who remains last in the graveyard, over whom it possesses a fascinating influence. If the loiterer be a young man, it takes the shape of a beautiful female, inspires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise to meet in the churchyard on a month from that day; this promise is sealed by a kiss, which communicates a deadly taint to the individual who receives it. It then disappears, and no sooner does the young man quit the churchyard, than he remembers the history of the spectre—which is well known in the parish—sinks into despair, dies, and is buried in the place of appointment on the day when the promise was to have been fulfilled. If, on the contrary, it appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty.

Some years ago I was shown the grave of a young person about eighteen years of age, who was said to have fallen a victim to it; and it is not more than ten months since a man in the same parish declared that he gave the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as lost. He took a fever, died, and was buried on the day appointed for the meeting, which was exactly a month from that of the interview. There are several cases of the same kind mentioned, but the two now alluded to are the only ones that came within my personal knowledge. It appears, however, that the spectre does not confine its operations to the churchyard, as there have been instances mentioned of its appearance at weddings and dances, where it never failed to secure its victims by dancing them into pleuritic fevers. I am unable to say whether this is a strictly local superstition, or whether it is considered peculiar to other churchyards in Ireland, or elsewhere. In its female shape it somewhat resembles the Elle maids of Scandinavia; but I am acquainted with no account of fairies or apparitions in which the sex is said to be changed, except in that of the devil himself. The country people say it is Death.]

THE bride, she bound her golden hair—
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And her step was light as the breezy air
When it bends the morning flowers so fair,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And oh, but her eyes they danc'd so bright,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 As she longed for the dawn of to-morrow's light,
 Her bridal vows of love to plight,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The bridegroom is come with youthful brow,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 To receive from his Eva her virgin vow ;
 "Why tarries the bride of my bosom now?"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A cry ! a cry ! 'twas her maidens spoke,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 "Your bride is asleep—she has not awoke,
 And the sleep she sleeps will never be broke,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Sir Turlough sank down with a heavy moan,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And his cheek became like the marble stone—
 "Oh, the pulse of my heart is for ever gone !"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen* is loud, it comes again,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And rises sad from the funeral train,
 As in sorrow it winds along the plain,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* The Irish cry, or wailing for the dead ; properly written *Caoine*, and pronounced as if written *keen*. Speaking of this practice, which still prevails in many parts of Ireland, the Rev. A. Ross, rector of Dungiven, in his statistical survey of that parish, observes that, "however it may offend the judgment or shock our present refinement, its affecting cadences will continue to find admirers wherever what is truly sad and plaintive can be relished or understood." It is also thus noticed in the "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry":—

"I have often, indeed always, felt that there is something exceedingly touching in the Irish cry ; in fact, that it breathes the very spirit of wild and natural sorrow. The Irish peasantry, whenever a death takes place, are exceedingly happy in seizing upon any contingent circum-

And oh, but the plumes of white were fair,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 When they flutter'd all mournful in the air
 As rose the hymn of the requiem prayer,*
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There is a voice that but one can hear,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And it softly pours from behind the bier,
 Its note of death on Sir Turlough's ear,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The keen is loud, but that voice is low,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And it sings its song of sorrow slow,
 And names young Turlough's name with woe,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now the grave is closed, and the mass is said,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And the bride she sleeps in her lonely bed,

stances that may occur, and making them subservient to the excitement of grief for the departed, or the exaltation and praise of his character and virtues. My entrance was a proof of this, for I had scarcely advanced to the middle of the floor, when my intimacy with the deceased, our boyish sports, and even our quarrels, were adverted to with a natural eloquence and pathos that, in spite of my firmness, occasioned me to feel the prevailing sorrow. They spoke, or chanted mournfully, in Irish ; but the substance of what they said was as follows :— ' Oh, mavourneen ! you're lying low this mornin' of sorrow ! lying low are you, and does not know who it is (alluding to me) that is standin' over you, weepin' for the days you spent together in your youth ! It's yourself, *acushla agus asthore machree* (the pulse and beloved of my heart), that would stretch out the right hand warmly to welcome him to the place of his birth, where you had both been so often happy about the green hills and valleys with each other ! ' They then passed on to an enumeration of his virtues as a father, a husband, son, and brother—specified his worth as he stood related to society in general, and his kindness as a neighbour and a friend."

* It is usual in the North of Ireland to celebrate Mass for the dead in some green field between the house in which the deceased lived and the graveyard. For this the shelter of a grove is usually selected, and the appearance of the ceremony is highly picturesque and solemn.

The fairest corpse among the dead,*
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The wreaths of virgin-white are laid,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
By virgin hands o'er the spotless maid ;
And the flowers are strewn, but they soon will fade,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Oh ! go not yet—not yet away,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Let us feel that *life* is near our clay,"
The long-departed seem to say,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But the tramp and voices of *life* are gone,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And beneath each cold forgotten stone,
The mouldering dead sleep all alone,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

But who is he who lingereth yet ?
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
And his heart in that bridal grave is set,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young and brave,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
And to his death-bound Eva rave,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Weep not—weep not," said a lady fair,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !

* Another expression peculiarly Irish, "What a purty corpse!" "How well she becomes death!" "You wouldn't meet a purtier corpse of a summer's day!" "She bears the change well!" are all phrases quite common in cases of death among the peasantry.

“Should youth and valour thus despair,
And pour their vows to the empty air?”
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

There’s charmed music upon her tongue,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Such beauty—bright and warm and young—
Was never seen the maids among,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

A laughing light, a tender grace,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Sparkled in beauty around her face,
That grief from mortal heart might chase,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

“The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Thy grief or love can ne’er recall ;
She rests beneath that grassy pall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

“My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
And now that thy plighted love is free,
Give its unbroken pledge to me,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The charm is strong upon Turlough’s eye,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
His faithless tears are already dry,
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

“To thee,” the charmed chief replied,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
“I pledge that love o’er my buried bride !
Oh ! come, and in Turlough’s hall abide,”
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Again the funeral voice came o'er
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
 And streams of mournful music bore,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"If I to thy youthful heart am dear,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 One month from hence thou wilt meet me here
 Where lay thy bridal, Eva's bier,"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And his *banshee's** wail—now far and broken—
 Murmur'd "Death," as he gave the token,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

"Adieu! adieu!" said this lady bright,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
 Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough's sight,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,
 And gold for those who will calm his brain,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

* *bean níghe*, woman of the hill.

Treating of the superstitions of the Irish, Miss Balfour says, "What rank the *banshee* holds in the scale of spiritual beings it is not easy to determine; but her favourite occupation seems to be that of foretelling the death of the different branches of the families over which she presided, by the most plaintive cries. Every family had formerly its banshee, but the belief in her existence is now fast fading away, and in a few more years she will only be remembered in the storied records of her marvellous doings in days long since gone by."

“Come, haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagha’s pride,
Has pledged his love to the churchyard bride,”
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech groaned loud, “Come tell me this,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss ?”
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

“The banshee’s cry is loud and long,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
At eve she weeps her funeral song,
And it floats on the twilight breeze along,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

“Then the fatal kiss is given ;—the last,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Of Turlough’s race and name is past,
His doom is seal’d, his die is cast,”
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

“Leech, say not that thy skill is vain,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
And half his lands thou shalt retain,”
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The leech has fail’d, and the hoary priest,
Killeevy, O Killeevy !
With pious shrift his soul releas’d,
And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The Shanachies now are assembled all,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And the songs of praise, in Sir Turlough's hall,
 To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,
 O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

The month is clos'd, and Green Truagha's pride,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy !
 Is married to death—and, side by side,
 He slumbers now with his churchyard bride,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy.

SOGGARTH AROON.

BY JOHN BANIM,

Author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," &c.

AIR—"Aileen aroon."

[In 1831, John Banim, then in the flower of his reputation, after the success of the *O'Hara Tales*, his *Boyne Water*, and his tragedy of *Damon and Pythias*, published a small volume of national ballads and songs, which seem to have attracted literally *no* attention at the time, and very little since. Only one of the ballads, *Soggarth Aroon*, ever emerged from obscurity. Yet the volume contains songs which, for fidelity of sentiment and expression to the Irish character, in some of its vehement moods, have no equals. But it contained also pieces so utterly worthless, that it is difficult to account for their publication by a man of sane judgment. To them, no doubt, was owing the utter failure of the volume. Banim's verses are often loose and careless in metre, and rude in construction; but they abound in natural feeling and natural strength. They are not only of the people, but essentially *for* the people. Hence they are by far the best peasant songs we possess, and would move a wake or a fair as vehemently as a drawing-room.]

AM I the slave they say,
Soggarth aroon? *
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery
Soggarth aroon ?

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth aroon ?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Yet be not slave to you,
Soggarth aroon,
Nor, out of fear to you—
Stand up so near to you—
Och ! out of fear to *you* !
Soggarth aroon !

Who, in the winter's night
Soggarth aroon,
When the cold blast did bite,
Soggarth aroon,
Came to my cabin-door,
And, on my earthen-flure,
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth aroon ?

* Soggarth aroon, Priest, dear.

Who, on the marriage day,
 Soggarth aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
 Soggarth aroon,—
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
 Soggarth aroon ?

Who, as friend only met,
 Soggarth aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
 Soggarth aroon ?
And when my hearth was dim,
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
 Soggarth aroon ?

Och ! you, and only you,
 Soggarth aroon !
And for this I was true to you,
 Soggarth aroon ;
In love they'll never shake,
When for ould Ireland's sake,
We a true part did take,
 Soggarth aroon !

THE LORD OF DUNKERRON.

BY T. CROFTON CROKER,

Author of "Fairy Legends of Ireland."

THE Lord of Dunkerron*—O'Sullivan More,
Why seeks he at midnight the sea-beaten shore?
His bark lies in haven, his hounds are asleep;
No foes are abroad on the land or the deep.

Yet nightly the Lord of Dunkerron is known
On the wild shore to watch and to wander alone;
For a beautiful spirit of ocean, 'tis said,
The Lord of Dunkerron would win to his bed.

When, by moonlight, the waters were hush'd to re-
pose,
That beautiful spirit of ocean arose;
Her hair, full of lustre, just floated and fell
O'er her bosom, that heav'd with a billowy swell.

Long, long had he lov'd her—long vainly essay'd
To lure from her dwelling the coy ocean maid;
And long had he wander'd and watch'd by the tide,
To claim the fair spirit, O'Sullivan's bride.

The maiden she gazed on the creature of earth,
Whose voice in her breast to a feeling gave birth;
Then smiled; and abash'd, as a maiden might be,
Looking down, gently sank to her home in the sea.

Though gentle that smile, as the moonlight above,
O'Sullivan felt 'twas the dawning of love;
And hope came on hope, spreading over his mind,
Like the eddy of circles her wake left behind.

* The remains of Dunkerron Castle are distant about a mile from the village of Kenmare, in the county of Kerry. It is recorded to have been built in 1096, by Owen O'Sullivan More (*More* is merely an epithet signifying the *Great*).

The Lord of Dunkerron he plunged in the waves,
And sought through the fierce rush of waters, their
caves ;
The gloom of whose depth, studded over with spars,
Had the glitter of midnight when lit up by stars.

Who can tell or can fancy the treasures that sleep
Entombed in the wonderful womb of the deep ?
The pearls and the gems, as if valueless, thrown
To lie 'mid the sea-wrack concealed and unknown.

Down, down went the maid—still the chieftain pur-
sued ;
Who flies must be follow'd ere she can be wooed.
Untempted by treasures, unawed by alarms,
The maiden at length he has clasp'd in his arms !

They rose from the deep by a smooth-spreading
strand,
Whence beauty and verdure stretch'd over the land,
'Twas an isle of enchantment ! and lightly the breeze,
With a musical murmur, just crept through the trees.

The haze-woven shroud of that newly-born isle,
Softly faded away from a magical pile,
A palace of crystal, whose bright-beaming sheen
Had the tints of the rainbow—red, yellow, and green.

And grottoes, fantastic in hue and in form,
Were there, as flung up—the wild sport of the
storm ;
Yet all was so cloudless, so lovely, and calm,
It seemed but a region of sunshine and balm.

“ Here, here shall we dwell in a dream of delight,
Where the glories of earth and of ocean unite !
Yet, loved son of earth ! I must from thee away ;
There are laws which e'en spirits are bound to obey !

"Once more must I visit the chief of my race,
His sanction to gain ere I meet thy embrace.
In a moment I dive to the chambers beneath :
One cause can detain me—one only—'tis death !"

They parted in sorrow with vows true and fond ;
The language of promise had nothing beyond.
His soul all on fire, with anxiety burns :
The moment is gone—but no maiden returns.

What sounds from the deep meet his terrified ear—
What accents of rage and of grief does he hear ?
What sees he ? what change has come over the
flood—
What tinges its green with a jetty of blood ?

Can he doubt what the gush of warm blood would
explain ?
That she sought the consent of her monarch in
vain !
For see all around him, in white foam and froth,
The waves of the ocean boil up in their wrath !

The palace of crystal has melted in air,
And the dyes of the rainbow no longer are there ;
The grottoes with vapour and clouds are o'ercast,
The sunshine is darkness—the vision has past !

Loud, loud was the call of his serfs for their chief ;
They sought him with accents of wailing and grief :
He heard and he struggled—a wave to the shore,
Exhausted and faint bears O'Sullivan More !

THE IRISH EMIGRANT IN NORTH
AMERICA.

BY MRS. FITZSIMON.

AIR—" *The Woods of Kylinoe.*"

My heart is heavy in my breast—my eyes are full
of tears,
My memory is wandering back to long departed
years—
To those bright days long, long ago,
When nought I dream'd of sordid care, of worldly
woe—
But roved, a gay, light-hearted boy, the woods of
Kylinoe.

There, in the spring-time of my life, and spring-time of
the year,
I've watch'd the snow-drop start from earth, the first
young buds appear ;
The sparkling stream o'er pebbles flow,
The modest violet, and the golden primrose blow,
Within thy deep and mossy dells, beloved Kylinoe !

'Twas there I wooed my Mary Dhuv, and won her for
my bride,
Who bore me three fair daughters, and four sons, my
age's pride ;
Though cruel fortune was our foe,
And steep'd us to the lips in bitter want and woe,
Yet cling our hearts to those sad days we pass'd near
Kylinoe.

At length, by misery bowed to earth, we left our native
strand,
And crossed the wide Atlantic to this free and happy
land ;

Though toils we had to undergo,
Yet soon content and happy peace 'twas ours to
 know,
And plenty, such as never blessed our hearth near
 Kylinoe !

And heaven a blessing has bestow'd more precious far
 than wealth,
Has spared us to each other, full of years, yet strong
 in health :
Across the threshold when we go,
We see our children's children round us grow,
Like sapling oaks within thy woods, far distant
 Kylinoe.

Yet sadness clouds our hearts to think that when
 we are no more,
Our bones must find a resting-place far, far from
 Erin's shore !
For us—no funeral sad and slow—
Within the ancient abbey's burial ground shall go—
No, we must slumber far from home, far, far from
 Kylinoe !

Yet, oh ! if spirits e'er can leave the appointed place
 of rest,
Once more will I revisit thee, dear Isle that I love
 best ;
O'er thy green vales will hover slow,
And many a tearful parting blessing will bestow
On all—but most of all on *thee*, my native Kylinoe.

MAIRGRÉAD NI CHEALLEADH.

BY EDWARD WALSH,

Translator of "Daily's Jacobite Relics of Ireland."

[This ballad is founded on the story of Daniel O'Keefe, an outlaw, famous in the traditions of the County of Cork, where his name is still associated with several localities. It is related that O'Keefe's beautiful mistress, Margaret Kelly (*Mairgréad ni Chealleadh*), tempted by a large reward, undertook to deliver him into the hands of the English soldiers; but O'Keefe, having discovered in her possession a document revealing her perfidy, in a frenzy of indignation stabbed her to the heart with his *skian*. He lived in the time of William III., and is represented to have been a gentleman and a poet.]

At the dance in the village
 Thy white foot was fleetest ;
 Thy voice 'mid the concert
 Of maidens was sweetest ;
 The swell of thy white breast
 Made rich lovers follow ;
 And thy raven hair bound them,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Thy neck was, lost maid,
 Than the *ceanabhan** whiter,
 And the glow of thy cheek
 Than the *monadan*† brighter ;
 But death's chain hath bound thee,
 Thine eye's glazed and hollow,
 That shone like a sunburst,
 Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

No more shall mine ear drink
 Thy melody swelling ;
 Nor thy beamy eye brighten
 The outlaw's dark dwelling ;

* A plant found in bogs, the top of which bears a substance resembling cotton, and as white as snow.

† The *monadan* is a red berry that is found on wild marshy mountains. It grows on an humble creeping plant.

Or thy soft heaving bosom
My destiny hallow,
When thine arms trine around me,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

The moss couch I brought thee
To-day from the mountain,
Has drank the last drop
Of thy young heart's red fountain—
For this good *skian** beside me
Struck deep and rung hollow
In thy bosom of treason,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

With strings of rich pearls
Thy white neck was laden,
And thy fingers with spoils
Of the Sassanach maiden :
Such rich silks enrob'd not
The proud dames of Mallow—
Such pure gold they wore not
As Mairgréad ni Chealleadh.

Alas ! that my loved one
Her outlaw would injure—
Alas ! that he e'er proved
Her treason's avenger !
That this right hand should make thee
A bed cold and hollow,
When in Death's sleep it laid thee,
Young Mairgréad ni Chealleadh !

And while to this lone cave
My deep grief I'm venting,
The Saxon's keen bandog
My footsteps is scenting ;
But true men await me
Afar in Duhallow.
Farewell, cave of slaughter,
And Mairgréad ni Chealleadh,

* *Scian*, a knife, pronounced as if written *skeen*.

THE FORESTER'S COMPLAINT.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

THROUGH our wild wood-walks here,
Sunbright and shady,
Free as the forest deer
Roams a lone lady :
Far from her castle keep,
Down i' the valley,
Roams she, by dingle deep,
Green holme, and alley,
With her sweet presence bright
Gladd'ning my dwelling—
Oh, fair her face of light,
Past the tongue's telling !
Woe was me
E'er to see
Beauty so shining :
Ever since, hourly,
Have I been pining !

In our blithe sports' debates
Down by the river,
I, of my merry mates,
Foremost was ever ;
Skilfullest with my flute
Leading the maidens,
Heark'ning by moonlight mute,
To its sweet cadence,
Sprightliest i' the dance
Tripping together—
Such a one was I once
E'er she came hither !
Woe was me
E'er to see
Beauty so shining ;
Ever since, hourly,
Have I been pining !

Loud now my comrades laugh
As I pass by them ;
Broadsword and quarter-staff,
No more I ply them :
Coy now the maidens frown,
Wanting their dances ;
How can their faces brown
Win one who fancies
Even an angel's face
Dark to be seen would
Be, by the Lily-grace,
Gladd'ning the greenwood ?
Woe was me
E'er to see
Beauty so shining ;
Ever since, hourly,
Have I been pining !

Wolf, by my broken bow
Idle is lying,
While through the woods I go,
All the day, sighing,
Tracing her footsteps small
Through the moss'd cover,
Hiding then, breathless all,
At the sight of her,
Lest my rude gazing should
From her haunt scare her—
Oh, what a solitude
Wanting her, here were !
Woe was me
E'er to see
Beauty so shining ;
Ever since, hourly,
Have I been pining !

THE FAIRY BOY.*

BY SAMUEL LOVER,

Author of "Legends and Stories of Ireland," &c.

A MOTHER came when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried while tears were falling,
Calling on the Fairy King :

"Why with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy—
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
Wherefore steal my baby boy?

"O'er the mountain, through the wild wood,
Where his childhood loved to play;
Where the flowers are freshly springing,
There I wander, day by day.

"There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy;
On the echoes wildly calling,
To restore my fairy boy.

"But in vain my plaintive calling,
Tears are falling all in vain;
He now sports with fairy pleasure,
He's the treasure of their train!

"Fare thee well, my child, for ever,
In this world I've lost my joy,
But in the *next* we ne'er shall sever,
There I'll find my angel boy!"

* When a beautiful child pines and dies, the Irish peasant believes the healthy infant has been stolen by the fairies, and a sickly elf left in its place. See Dr. Anster's ballad, page 48.

WAKE OF WILLIAM ORR.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

[The case of William Orr involves one of the most ruthless acts of tyranny that preceded the insurrection of 1798. Orr, who was a young Presbyterian farmer of Antrim, and a man of great personal popularity, was tried and convicted in October, '97, of administering the United Irish oath to a private soldier, named Whitly. But on the same day, four of his jury made affidavits stating that whisky had been introduced into the jury-room, and the verdict agreed to under the joint influence of drunkenness and intimidation. Next day Whitly, the crown witness, confessed that his evidence was false or distorted in essential particulars. Under these strange circumstances Orr was reprieved by government; and the reprieve twice renewed. But, ultimately, when the nation confidently awaited the commutation of his sentence, *he was ordered for execution*. A storm of indignation followed this arbitrary and merciless decision. The most moderate men were outraged by its injustice; the most timid were stung to resistance by its naked tyranny. Orr died with unshaken courage, exhorting his countrymen "to be true and faithful to each other as he had been true to them." His fortitude increased popular enthusiasm to a passion. He was universally regarded as a martyr to Liberty, and "Remember Orr!" became the most popular and stimulating watchword of the National party. His death was celebrated in innumerable elegies, of which these noble and affecting verses are the best.]

HERE our murdered brother lies—
Wake him not with women's cries ;
Mourn the way that manhood ought ;
Sit in silent trance of thought.

Write his merits on your mind—
Morals pure and manners kind ;
In his head, as on a hill,
Virtue placed her citadel.

Why cut off in palmy youth ?
Truth he spoke, and acted truth—
Countrymen, UNITE ! he cried,
And died—for what his Saviour died.

God of Peace, and God of Love,
Let it not thy vengeance move !
Let it not thy lightnings draw—
A Nation guillotined by law !

Hapless nation ! rent and torn,
Thou wert early taught to mourn,
Warfare of six hundred years—
Epochs marked with blood and tears !

Hunted thro' thy native grounds,
Or flung *reward* to human hounds ;
Each one pull'd and tore his share,
Heedless of thy deep despair.

Hapless Nation—hapless Land,
Heap of uncementing sand !
Crumbled by a foreign weight,
And, by worse, domestic hate.

God of mercy ! God of peace !
Make the mad confusion cease ;
O'er the mental chaos move,
Through it *SPEAK* the light of love.

Monstrous and unhappy sight,
Brothers' blood will not unite ;
Holy oil and holy water,
Mix, and fill the world with slaughter.

Who is she with aspect wild ?
The widow'd mother with her child,
Child new stirring in the womb !
Husband waiting for the tomb !
 Angel of this sacred place
 Calm her soul and whisper peace,
 Cord, or axe, or guillotin'
 Make the sentence—not the sin.

Here we watch our brother's sleep ;
Watch with us, but do not weep ;
Watch with us thro' dead of night,
But expect the morning light.

Conquer fortune—persevere !—
 Lo ! it breaks, the morning clear !
 The cheerful COCK awakes the skies,
 The day is come—arise !—arise !

[Dr. Drennan, the author of this ballad, was one of the ablest writers among the United Irishmen. His *Letters of Orellana* contributed powerfully to enlist Ulster in “the Union.” His songs and ballads, which were chiefly directed to the same object, are vigorous and graceful beyond any political poetry of the period. His song commencing, “When Erin first rose from the dark swelling flood,” which fixed upon Ireland the title of “the Emerald Isle,” Moore esteems among the most perfect of modern songs. A little volume of his poems was published in 1815, but is now very scarce. In 1794, he was brought to trial for his political principles; but then or throughout a long and honoured life he never abandoned them.*]

OLIVER'S ADVICE.

AN ORANGE BALLAD.

BY COLONEL BLACKER.

[There is a well-authenticated anecdote of Cromwell. On a certain occasion, when his troops were about crossing a river to attack the enemy, he concluded an address, couched in the usual fanatic terms in use among them, with these words—“Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry.”]

THE night is gathering gloomily, the day is closing
 fast—
 The tempest flaps his raven wings in loud and angry
 blast;
 The thunder clouds are driving athwart the lurid
 sky—
 But “put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
 powder dry.”

There *was* a day when loyalty was hail'd with honour
 due,
 Our banner the protection wav'd to all the good and
 true—

* 1866. His poems have recently been republished in conjunction with those of his two sons, who have inherited his genius and patriotism.

And gallant hearts beneath its folds were link'd in
honour's tie,
We put our trust in God, my boys, and kept our
powder dry.

When Treason bar'd her bloody arm, and madden'd
round the land,
For King, and laws, and order fair, we drew the ready
brand ;
Our gathering spell was William's name—our word
was, "Do or die,"
And still we put our trust in God, and kept our
powder dry.

But now, alas ! a wondrous change has come the
nation o'er,
And worth and gallant services remember'd are no
more ;
And, crush'd beneath oppression's weight, in chains of
grief we lie—
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

Forth starts the spawn of Treason, the 'scap'd of
Ninety-eight,
To bask in courtly favour, and seize the helm of
state—
E'en *they* whose hands are reeking yet with murder's
crimson dye ;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

They come, whose deeds incarnadin'd the Slaney's
silver wave—
They come, who to the foreign foe the hail of welcome
gave ;
He comes, the open rebel fierce—he comes, the Jesuit
sly ;
But put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

They come, whose councils wrapp'd the land in foul
 rebellious flame,
Their hearts unchastened by remorse, their cheeks
 untinged by shame.
Be still, be still, indignant heart—be tearless, too,
 each eye,
And put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
 powder dry,

The Pow'r that led his chosen, by pillar'd cloud and
 flame,
Through parted sea and desert waste, that Pow'r is
 still the same ;
He fails not—He, the loyal hearts that firm on him
 rely—
So put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
 powder dry.

The Pow'r that nerv'd the stalwart arms of Gideon's
 chosen few,
The pow'r that led great William, Boyne's reddening
 torrent through—
In his protecting aid confide, and every foe defy—
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
 powder dry.

Already see the star of hope emits its orient blaze,
The cheering beacon of relief it glimmers thro' the
 haze.
It tells of better days to come, it tells of succour nigh—
Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
 powder dry.

See, see along the hills of Down its rising glories
 spread,
But brightest beams its radiance from Donard's lofty
 head.*

* Lord Roden resides at the base of Slieve Donard.

Clanbrassil's vales are kindling wide, and "Roden" is
the cry—

Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

Then cheer, ye hearts of loyalty, nor sink in dark
despair,

Our banner shall again unfold its glories to the air.

The storm that raves the wildest the soonest passes
by ;

Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

For "happy homes," for "altars free," we grasp the
ready sword—

For freedom, truth, and for our God's unmutilated
word.

These, these the war-cry of our march, our hope the
Lord on high ;

Then put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your
powder dry.

THE RECONCILIATION.

BY JOHN BANIM.

[The facts of this ballad occurred in a little mountain-chapel, in the county of Clare, at the time efforts were made to put an end to faction-fighting among the peasantry. Faction-fights were generally contests between families or districts; they were sometimes as fierce and bloody as a Corsican Vendetta. The popular passions, awakened by the struggle for Catholic Emancipation and Repeal of the Union, however, burned them out to a great extent.]

THE old man he knelt at the altar,
 His enemy's hand to take,
 And at first his weak voice did falter,
 And his feeble limbs did shake ;
 For his only brave boy, his glory,
 Had been stretch'd at the old man's feet—
 A corpse, all so haggard and gory,
 By the hand which he now must greet.

And soon the old man stopt speaking,
 And rage which had not gone by,
 From under his brows came breaking]
 Up into his enemy's eye—
 And now his limbs were not shaking,
 But his clench'd hands his bosom cross'd,
 And he look'd a fierce wish to be taking
 Revenge for the boy he had lost !

But the old man, he look'd around him,
 And thought of the place he was in,
 And thought of the promise which bound him
 And thought that revenge was sin—
 And then, crying tears like a woman,
 "Your hand !" he said—"aye *that hand* !
 And I do forgive you, foeman,
 For the sake of our bleeding land !

THE POOR MAN'S LABOUR.

BY THE RIGHT HON. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

[Curran, so great a master of poetry in prose, was an indifferent versifier. Like Edmund Burke, he could speak a poem, but scarcely write one. His failing, however, was not like Burke's, absolute and unqualified; but only a failure relatively to his unrivalled success as an orator. His song of "The Deserter" has always been popular, and suggested one of Byron's most touching minor poems. His other verses are perhaps little known; but they may be studied, as marked and characteristic developments of his mind. They took the same direction as his gravest labours, and are equally fired with his master passion, the love of Ireland.]

My mother sighed, the stream of pain
Flow'd fast and chilly o'er her brow ;
My father pray'd, nor pray'd in vain ;
Sweet Mercy, cast a glance below.
" My husband, dear," the sufferer cried,
" My pains are o'er, behold your son."
" Thank heaven, sweet partner," he replied,
" The poor boy's labour's then begun."

Alas ! the hapless life she gave,
By fate was doom'd to cost her own ;
For soon she found an early grave,
Nor stay'd her partner long alone.
They left their orphan here below,
A stranger wild beneath the sun ;
This lesson sad to learn from woe,
The poor man's labour's never done.

No parent's hand, with pious care,
My childhood's devious steps to guide ;
Or bid my venturous youth beware
The griefs that smote on ev'ry side.
'Twas still a round of changing woe
Woe never ending, still begun,
That taught my bleeding heart to know
The poor man's labour's never done.

Soon dies the faltering voice of fame ;
 The vow of love's too warm to last ;
 And friendship ! what a faithless dream ;
 And wealth ! how soon thy glare is past.
 But sure one hope remains to save,
 The longest course must soon be run ;
 And, in the shelter of the grave,
 The poor man's labour must be done.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

[I found this touching little ballad in an Australian newspaper, long before I contemplated visiting that country, and was charmed with its fresh feeling and grace. I have not been able to discover the writer's name. 1866.]

YOUR eyes have the twin stars' light, *ma croidhe*
Mo cuisle Inghean ban ;*
 And your swan-like neck is dear to me,
Mo caillin og alain :
 And dear is your fairy foot so light,
 And your dazzling milk-white hand,
 And your hair ! it's a thread of the golden light
 That was spun in the rainbow's band.

Oh ! green be the fields of my native shore,
 Where you bloom like a young rose-tree ;
Mo varia astore—we meet no more !
 But the pulse of my heart's with thee.
 No more may your voice with its silver sound,
 Come like music in a dream !
 Or your heart's sweet laugh ring merrily round,
 Like the gush of the summer's stream.

* My pulse, my white daughter.

Oh ! *mo varia*, the stately halls are high
 Where Erin's splendours shine !
 Yet their hearts shall swell to the wailing cry
 That my heart sends forth to thine.
 For an exile's heart is fountain deep,
 Far hid from the gladsome sun—
 Where the bosom's yearning ne'er may sleep ;
*Mo thruaidh ! mo chreach ! och on !**

KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.

A JACOBITE RELIC—TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH,

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

[Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan is one of the names employed by latter bards to signify the country of whose hopes and aim they dare not speak in direct terms.]

LONG they pine in weary woe, the nobles of our
 land,
 Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas ! and
 banned ;
 Feastless, houseless, altæress, they bear the exile's
 brand ;
 But their hope is in the coming-to of
 Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

Think her not a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen,
 Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kath-
 aleen ;
 Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned
 a queen,
 Were the king's son at home here with
 Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

* My pity ! my plunder ! och on !

Sweet and mild would look her face, O none so sweet
 and mild,
 Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is
 reviled ;
 Woollen plaids would grace herself, and robes of silk
 her child,
 If the king's son were living here with
 Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of thrones,
 Vassal to a *Saxoneen* of cold and sapless bones !
 Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy sighs
 and groans
 We wait the young Deliverer of Kathaleen
 Ny-Houlahan !

Let us pray to Him who holds life's issues in His
 hands—
 Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its
 thousand lands ;
 Girdling them with seas and mountains, rivers deep,
 and strands,
 To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-
 Houlahan !

He who over sands and waves led Israel along—
 He who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe
 and throng—
 He who stood by Moses, when his foes were fierce and
 strong—
 May he show forth His might in saving
 Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan !*

* *Catúllín ní uallacáin*, Catherine Houlahan.

RORY O'MOORE.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

[Roger, or Rory O'Moore, is one of the most honoured and stainless names in Irish history. Writers, who concur in nothing else, agree in representing him as a man of the loftiest motives and the most passionate patriotism. In 1640, when Ireland was weakened by defeat and confiscation, and guarded with a jealous care constantly increasing in strictness and severity, O'Moore, then a private gentleman, with no resources beyond his intellect and his courage, conceived the vast design of rescuing her from England, and accomplished it. In three years England did not retain a city in the island but Dublin and Drogheda. For eight years her power was barely nominal; the land was possessed and the supreme authority exercised by the Confederation created by O'Moore. History contains no stricter instance of the influence of an individual mind. Before the insurrection broke out, the people had learned to know and expect their deliverer, and it became a popular proverb and the burden of national songs, that the hope of Ireland was in "God, the Virgin, and Rory O'Moore." It is remarkable that O'Moore, in whose courage and resources this great insurrection had its birth, was a descendant of the chieftains of Leix, massacred by English troops at Mullaghmast, a century before. But if he took a great revenge, it was a magnanimous one; none of the excesses which stained the first rising in Ulster are charged upon him. On the contrary, when he joined the Northern Army, the excesses ceased, and strict discipline was established, as far as it was possible, among men unaccustomed to control, and wild with wrongs and sufferings.]

On the green hills of Ulster the white cross waves high,
And the beacon of war throws its flames to the sky ;
Now the taunt and the threat let the coward endure,
Our hope is in God and in Rory O'Moore !

Do you ask why the beacon and banner of war
On the mountains of Ulster are seen from afar ?
'Tis the signal our rights to regain and secure,
Through God and our Lady and Rory O'Moore !

For the merciless Scots, with their creed and their
swords,
With war in their bosoms, and peace in their words,
Have sworn the bright light of our faith to obscure,
But our hope is in God and Rory O'Moore.

Oh! lives there a traitor who'd shrink from the strife—
 Who, to add to the length of a forfeited life,
 His country, his kindred, his faith would abjure?
 No! we'll strike for our God and for Rory O'Moore!

[I found this ballad in a Belfast magazine published during the period of Dr. Drennan's literary activity, and conjectured that it was his. But his sons do not claim it for him in their recent collection of his poems. 1866.]

UNA PHELMY.

AN ULSTER BALLAD, A.D. 1641.

BY SAMUEL FEGUSON, M.R.I.A.

[This ballad was intended to illustrate the same period in Irish History as the last; but the author looks at it from a different and more unfavourable point of view. Together they furnish another evidence of how infallibly truth sooner or later comes to be recognized. Two Northern Protestants, writing of a civil war, where the strife lay between their ancestors and the plundered Catholics (fighting for their lands and their lives), one of them vehemently sympathizes with the insurgents; the other speaks bitterly, to be sure, but not uncharitably of the contest.]

“AWAKEN, Una Phelmy,
 How canst thou slumber so?
 How canst thou dream so quietly
 Through such a night of woe?
 Through such a night of woe,” he said,
 “How canst thou dreaming lie,
 When the kindred of thy love lie dead,
 And he must fall or fly?”

She rose, and to the casement came;
 “Oh, William, dear, speak low;
 For I should bear my brothers' blame
 Did Hugh or Angus know.”
 “Did Hugh or Angus know, Una?
 Ah, little dreamest thou
 On what a bloody errand bent
 Are Hugh and Angus now.”

“Oh, what has chanced my brothers dear?
My William, tell me true!
Our God forbode that what I fear
Be that they're gone to do!”
“They're gone on bloody work, Una,
The worst we feared is done;
They've taken to the knife at last,
The massacre's begun!

“They came upon us while we slept
Fast by the sedgy Bann;
In darkness to our beds they crept,
And left me not a man!
Bann rolls my comrades even now
Through all his pools and fords;
And their hearts' best blood is warm, Una,
Upon thy brothers' swords!

“And mine had borne them company,
Or the good blade I wore,
Which ne'er left foe in victory
Or friend in need before;
In theirs as in their fellows' hearts
Also had dimmed its shine,
But for these tangling curls, Una,
And witching eyes of thine!

“I have borne the brand of flight for these,
For these, the scornful cries
Of loud insulting enemies;
But busk thee, love, and rise:
For Ireland's now no place for us;
’Tis time to take our flight,
When neighbour steals on neighbour thus,
And stabbers strike by night.

“And black and bloody the revenge
For this dark midnight's sake,
The kindred of my murdered friends
On thine and thee will take,

Unless thou rise and fly betimes,
 Unless thou fly with me,
 Sweet Una, from this land of crimes
 To peace beyond the sea."

"For trustful pillows wait us there,
 And loyal friends beside,
 Where the broad lands of my father are,
 Upon the bank of Clyde ;
 In five days hence a ship will be
 Bound for that happy home :
 Till then we'll make our sanctuary
 In sea-cave's sparry dome :
 Then busk thee, Una Phelimy,
 And o'er the waters come !"

* * * * *

The midnight moon is wading deep ;
 The land sends off the gale ;
 The boat beneath the sheltering steep
 Hangs on a seaward sail ;
 And leaning o'er the weather-rail,
 The lovers hand in hand,
 Take their last look of Innisfail ;
 "Farewell, doomed Ireland !"

"And art thou doomed to discord still ?
 And shall thy sons ne'er cease
 To search and struggle for thine ill,
 Ne'er share thy good in peace ?
 Already do thy mountains feel
 Avenging Heaven's ire ?
 Hark ! hark ! this is no thunder peal,
 That was no lightning fire !"

It was no fire from heaven he saw,
 For, far from hill and dell,
 O'er GOBBIN'S brow the mountain flaw
 Bears musket-shot and yell,

And shouts of brutal glee, that tell
A foul and fearful tale,
While over blast and breaker swell
Thin shrieks and woman's wail.

Now fill they far the upper sky,
Now down mid-air they go,
The frantic scream, the piteous cry,
The groan of rage and woe ;
And wilder in their agony,
And shriller still they grow—
Now cease they, choking suddenly,
The waves boom on below !

“ A bloody and a black revenge !
Oh, Una, blest are we
Who this sore-troubled land can change
For peace beyond the sea ;
But for the manly hearts and true
That Antrim still retain,
Or be their banner green or blue,
For all that there remain—
God grant them quiet freedom, too,
And blithe homes soon again !”

ORANGE AND GREEN.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE night was falling dreary,
In merry Bandon town,
When, in his cottage weary,
An Orangeman lay down.
The summer sun in splendour
Had set upon the vale,
And shouts of “ No Surrender !”
Arose upon the gale.

Beside the waters, laving
The feet of aged trees,
The Orange banners waving,
Flew boldly in the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting,
A hundred voices join,
And fife and drum were beating
The *Battle of the Boyne*.

Ha ! tow'rd his cottage hieing,
What form is speeding now,
From yonder thicket flying,
With blood upon his brow ?
“Hide—hide me, worthy stranger,
Though green my colour be,
And, in the day of danger,
May heaven remember thee !

“In yonder vale contending
Alone against that crew,
My life and limbs defending,
An Orangeman I slew ;
Hark ! hear that fearful warning,
There's death in every tone—
Oh, save my life till morning,
And heav'n prolong your own !”

The Orange heart was melted
In pity to the green ;
He heard the tale, and felt it
His very soul within,
“Dread not that angry warning
Though death be in its tone—
I'll save your life till morning,
Or I will lose my own.”

Now, round his lowly dwelling,
The angry torrent press'd,
A hundred voices swelling,
The Orangeman addressed—

“ Arise, arise, and follow
The chase along the plain !
In yonder stony hollow
Your only son is slain !”

With rising shouts they gather
Upon the track amain,
And leave the childless father
Aghast with sudden pain.
He seeks the righted stranger
In covert where he lay—
“ Arise !” he said, “ all danger
Is gone and past away.

“ I had a son—one only,
One loved as my life,
Thy hand has left me lonely,
In that accursed strife.
I pledged my word to save thee
Until the storm should cease,
I keep the pledge I gave thee—
Arise, and go in peace !”

The stranger soon departed
From that unhappy vale :
The father, broken-hearted,
Lay brooding o’er that tale.
Full twenty summers after
To silver turned his beard,
And yet the sound of laughter
From him was never heard.

The night was falling dreary
In merry Wexford town,
When, in his cabin, weary,
A peasant laid him down.
And many a voice was singing
Along the summer vale,
And Wexford town was ringing
With shouts of “ Granua Uile !”

Beside the waters, laving
The feet of aged trees,
The green flag, gaily waving,
Was spread against the breeze—
In mighty chorus meeting,
Loud voices filled the town,
And fife and drum were beating,
“*Down, Orangemen, lie down!*”

Hark ! 'mid the stirring clangour
That woke the echoes there,
Loud voices, high in anger,
Rise on the evening air.
Like billows of the ocean,
He sees them hurry on—
And, 'mid the wild commotion,
An Orangeman alone.

“My hair,” he said, “is hoary,
And feeble is my hand,
And I could tell a story
Would shame your cruel band.
Full twenty years and over
Have changed my heart and brow,
And I am grown a lover
Of peace and concord now.

“It was not thus I greeted
Your brother of the green ;
When fainting and defeated
I freely took him in.
I pledged my word to save him,
From vengeance rushing on,
I kept the pledge I gave him,
‘Though he had kill’d my son.”

That aged peasant heard him,
And knew him as he stood,
Remembrance kindly stirr’d him,
And tender gratitude.

With gushing tears of pleasure,
He pierced the listening train,
"I'm here to pay the measure
Of kindness back again !"

Upon his bosom falling,
That old man's tears came down ;
Deep memory recalling
That cot and fatal town.
"The hand that would offend thee,
My being first shall end ;
I'm living to defend thee,
My saviour and my friend !"

He said, and slowly turning,
Address'd the wondering crowd,
With fervent spirit burning,
He told the tale aloud.
Now pressed the warm beholders,
Their aged foe to greet ;
They raised him on their shoulders
And chaired him through the street.

As he had saved that stranger
From peril scowling dim,
So in his day of danger
Did Heav'n remember him.
By joyous crowds attended,
The worthy pair were seen,
And their flags that day were blended
Of Orange and of Green.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES WOLFE.

[The Rev. Charles Wolfe was a native of Dublin, became a minister of the Established Church, and died in the prime of his manhood. Some of his letters, since published, are remarkable for earnestness and depth ; but his verses, with the exception of a song gushing with tenderness ("My own friend, my own friend"), are very much inferior to this ballad. Several weak attempts have been made to rob him of the "Burial of Moore," but they were manifest impostures. The original copy, in his own MS., hangs on the walls of the Royal Irish Academy.]

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral-note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
head
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,—
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
 And we heard the distant and random gun
 That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
 But we left him alone in his glory !

A LAMENT

FOR THE TYRONIAN AND TYRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED
 AT ROME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

[This is an elegy on the death of the Princes of Tyrone and Tyrconnell, who, having fled with others from Ireland in the year 1607, and afterwards dying at Rome, were interred on St. Peter's Hill, in one grave. The poem is the production of O'Donnell's bard, Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Ward, who accompanied the family in their exile, and is addressed to Nuala, O'Donnell's sister, who was also one of the fugitives. As the circumstances connected with the flight of the Northern Earls, which led to the subsequent confiscation of the six Ulster Counties by James I., may not be immediately in the recollection of many of our readers, it may be proper briefly to state, that it was caused by the discovery of a letter directed to Sir William Ussher, Clerk of the Council, dropped in the Council-chamber on the 7th of May, and which accused the Northern chieftains generally of a conspiracy to overthrow the Government. The charge is now totally disbelieved. As an illustration of the poem, and as an interesting piece of hitherto unpublished literature in itself, we extract the account of the flight as recorded in the "Annals of the Four Masters," and translated by Mr. O'Donovan :—

"Maguire (Cuconnaught) and Donogh, son of Mahon, who was son of the Bishop O'Brien, sailed in a ship to Ireland, and put in at the harbour of Swilly. They then took with them from Ireland the Earl O'Neill

(Hugh, son of Fedoragh) and the Earl O'Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Magnus), and many others of the nobles of the province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O'Neill—namely, his Countess, Catherina, daughter of Magennis, and her three sons; Hugh, the Baron, John, and Brian; Art Oge, son of Cormac, who was son of the Baron; Ferdoragh, son of Con, who was son of O'Neill; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, who was son of Art O'Neill; and many others of his most intimate friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell—namely, Caffer, his brother, with his sister Nuala; Hugh, the Earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old; Rose, daughter of O'Dogherty and wife of Caffer, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months; his (Rory's) brother's son, Donnell Oge, son of Donnell, Naghtan, son of Calvach, who was son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell, and many others of his intimate friends. They embarked on the Festival of the Holy Cross, in autumn. This was a distinguished company; and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble, in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valour, feats of arms, and brave achievements, than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until the children should arrive at the age of manhood! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should, to the end of their lives, be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies."

The Earl of Tyrone was the illustrious Hugh O'Neill, the Irish leader in the wars against Elizabeth.

O, WOMAN, of the Piercing Wail,
 Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay
 With sigh and groan,
 Would God thou wert among the Gael!
 Thou would'st not then from day to day
 Weep thus alone.
 'Twere long before, around a grave
 In green Tirconnell, one could find
 This loneliness;
 Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave
 Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined
 Compassionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegall,
 In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,
 Or Killilee,
 Or where the sunny waters fall,
 At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,
 This could not be.

On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—
Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned
In olden years,
No day could pass but woman's grief
Would rain upon the burial-ground
Fresh floods of tears !

O, no !—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,
From high Dunluce's castle-walls,
From Lissadill,
Would flock alike both rich and poor,
One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls
To Tara's hill ;
And some would come from Barrow-side,
And many a maid would leave her home,
On Leitrim's plains,
And by melodious Banna's tide,
And by the Mourne and Erne, to come
And swell thy strains !

O, horses' hoofs would trample down
The Mount whereon the martyr-saint*
Was crucified.
From glen and hill, from plain and town,
One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,
Would echo wide.
There would not soon be found, I ween,
One foot of ground among those bands
For museful thought,
So many shriekers of the *keen*†
Would cry aloud and clap their hands,
All woe distraught !

* St. Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one: the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—TR.

† *Caoine*, the funeral-wail.

Two princes of the line of Conn
Sleep in their cells of clay beside
O'Donnell Roe :
Three royal youths, alas ! are gone,
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died
For Erin's woe !
Ah ! could the men of Ireland read
The names these noteless burial-stones
Display to view,
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,
Their tears gush forth again, their groans
Resound anew !

The youths whose relics moulder here
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord
Of Aileach's lands ;
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,
Thy nephew, long to be deplored
By Ulster's bands.
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time
Could domicile Decay or house
Decrepitude !
They passed from Earth ere Manhood's prime
Ere years had power to dim their brows
Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,
That knows their source ?
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,
Cut off amid his vernal years,
Lies here a corse
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns
In deep despair—
For valour, truth, and comely bloom,
For all that greatens and adorns
A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,
Their mate in death—
A prince in look, in deed, and word—
Had these three heroes yielded on
The field their breath,
O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,
There would not be a town or clan
From shore to sea,
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann**
Of Jubilee !

When high the shout of battle rose,
On fields where Freedom's torch still burned
Through Erin's gloom,
If one, if barely one of those
Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned
The hero's doom !
If at Athboy, where hosts of brave
Ulidian horsemen sank beneath
The shock of spears,
Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,
Long must the North have wept his death
With heart-wrung tears !

If on the day of Ballach-myre
The Lord of Mourne had met thus young,
A warrior's fate,
In vain would such as thou desire
To mourn, alone, the champion sprung
From Niall the great !
No marvel this—for all the dead,
Heaped on the field, pile over pile,
At Mullach-brack,
Were scarce an *eric*† for his head,
If death had stayed his footsteps while
On victory's track !

* Song.

† A compensation or fine.

If on the Day of Hostages
The fruit had from the parent bough
 Been rudely torn
In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's—
 Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,
 Could ill have borne.
If on the day of Ballach-boy
 Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,
 The chieftain low,
Even our victorious shout of joy
 Would soon give place to rueful cries
 And groans of woe !

If on the day the Saxon host
 Were forced to fly—a day so great
 For Ashanee—.*
The Chief had been untimely lost,
 Our conquering troops should moderate
 Their mirthful glee.
There would not lack on Lifford's day,
 From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,
 From Limerick's towers,
A marshalled file, a long array
 Of mourners to bedew the soil
 With tears in showers !

If on the day a sterner fate
 Compelled his flight from Athenree,
 His blood had flowed,
What numbers all disconsolate,
 Would come unasked, and share with thee
 Affliction's load !
If Derry's crimson field had seen
 His life-blood offered up, though 'twere
 On Victory's shrine,
A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,
 A thousand voices of despair
 Would echo thine !

* Ballyshannon.

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm
That bloody night on Fergus' banks
But slain our chief,
When rose his camp in wild alarm—
How would the triumph of his ranks
Be dashed with grief !
How would the troops of Murbach mourn
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,
Which England rued,
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,
By shedding there, amid the fray,
Their prince's blood !

Red would have been our warrior's eyes
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field
A gory grave,
No Northern Chief would soon arise
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,
So swift to save.
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh
Had met the death he oft had dealt
Among the foe ;
But, had our Roderick fallen too,
All Erin must alas ! have felt
The deadly blow !

What do I say ? Ah, woe is me !
Already we bewail in vain
Their fatal fall !
And Erin, once the Great and Free,
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain,
And iron thrall !
Then, daughter of O'Donnell ! dry
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn
Thy heart aside ;
For Adam's race is born to die,
And sternly the sepulchral urn
Mocks human pride !

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—
But on thy knees

Uplift thy soul to GOD alone,
For all things go their destined way
As He decrees.

Embrace the faithful Crucifix,
And seek the path of pain and prayer
Thy Saviour trod !

Nor let thy spirit intermix
With earthly hope and worldly care
Its groans to GOD !

And Thou, O mighty Lord ! whose ways
Are far above our feeble minds
To understand,

Sustain us in these doleful days,
And render light the chain that binds
Our fallen land !

Look down upon our dreary state,
And through the ages that may still
Roll sadly on,

Watch Thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,
And shield at least from darker ill
The blood of Conn !

THE COURT OF CAHIRASS.

["About a mile from Croom (says the "History of Limerick," by Fitzgerald and MacGregor), situated on the Maig, is Cahirass House, with its finely-wooded park and plantations, belonging to Mr. (now Sir David) Roche, a descendant of the house of Fermoy;" and a note adds, "There was once a chapel of ease here belonging to the Carbery family, whose property it was. The chaplain falling desperately in love with the daughter of Lord Carbery, and being disappointed, hanged himself in the chapel, which soon afterwards went to decay. This unfortunate lover has composed a song beginning with 'At the Court of Cahirass there lives a fair maiden,' which is still recollected by the country people."]

IN the Court of Cahirass there dwells a fair lady,
Of beauty the paragon, and she is called Katey ;
Her lofty descent, and her stately deportment,
Prove this lovely damsel was for a king's court
meant.

There's many a great lord from Dublin has sought
her ;
But that is not strange for a nobleman's daughter :
Yet, if she was poor as the poorest of creatures,
There's no one her rival in figure or features.

On a fine summer's morning, if you saw but this
maiden,
By the murmuring Maig, or the green fields she strayed
in ;
Or through groves full of song, near that bright-
flowing river,
You'd think how imperfect the praise that I give her.

In order arranged are her bright flowing tresses,
The thread of the spider their fineness expresses ;
And softer her cheek, that is mantled with blushes,
Than the drift of the snow, or the pulpness of the
rushes.

But her bosom of beauty, that the heart which lies
under,
Should have nothing of womanlike pride, is my
wonder ;
That the charms which all eyes daily dwell on
delighted,
Should seem in her own of no worth, and be slighted.

I felt on my spirit a load that was weighty.
In the stillness of midnight, and called upon Katey ;
And a dull voice replied, on the ear of the sleeper,
“Death ! Death !” in a tone that was deep, and grew
deeper.

’Twas an omen to me—’twas an omen of sadness,
That told me of folly, of love, and of madness ;
That my fate was as dark as the sky that was o’er me,
And bade me despair, for no hope was before me.

Oh Katey, dear Katey, disdain not your lover ;
From your frowns and your coldness he cannot recover ;
For if you but bid him his passion to smother,
How fatal the day when we first met each other.

[I have ventured to omit a verse which I have always considered an interpolation. It contained a ludicrous instance of bathos, certain to interrupt the tender and pathetic sentiment of the ballad. To wit:—

“To the sick and the needy profuse is her bounty,
And her goodness extends through the whole of the county.”!]

MAIRE BHAN ASTOR.*

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

In a valley far away,
 With my Maire bhan astór,
 Short would be the summer-day,
 Ever loving more and more ;
 Winter days would all grow long.
 With the light her heart would pour,
 With her kisses and her song,
 And her loving mait go leór.†
 Fond is Maire bhan astór,
 Fair is Maire bhan astór,
 Sweet as ripple on the shore,
 Sings my Maire bhan astór.

Oh ! her sire is very proud,
 And her mother cold as stone ;
 But her brother bravely vow'd
 She should be my bride alone ;
 For he knew I lov'd her well,
 And he knew she loved me too,
 So he sought their pride to quell,
 But 'twas all in vain to sue.
 True is Maire bhan astór,
 Tried is Maire bhan astór,
 Had I wings I'd never soar
 From my Maire bhan astór.

There are lands where manly toil
 Surely reaps the crop it sows,
 Glorious woods and teeming soil,
 Where the broad Missouri flows ;

* Which means, "fair Mary, my treasure." If we are to write gibberish to enable some of our readers to pronounce this, we must do so thus, *Maur-ya vaun asthore*. Really it is time for the inhabitants of Ireland to learn Irish.

† Much plenty, or, in abundance.

Through the trees the smoke shall rise,
 From our hearth with mait go leór,
 There shall shine the happy eyes
 Of My Maire bhan astór.

Mild is Maire bhan astór,
 Mine is Maire bhan astór,
 Saints will watch about the door
 Of my Maire bhan astór.

THE RETURN OF O'RUARK,

PRINCE OF BREFFNI.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

AIR—" *Cailin Deas Cruite na-m-bo.*"

[This ballad is founded upon an event of most melancholy importance to Ireland, if, as we are told by our Irish historians, it gave England the first opportunity of profiting by our divisions, and subduing us. The following are the circumstances as related by O'Halloran:—"The King of Leinster had long conceived a violent affection for Dearbhorgil, daughter to the King of Meath, and though she had been for some time married to O'Ruark, Prince of Breffni, yet it could not restrain his passion. They carried on a private correspondence, and she informed him that O'Ruark intended soon to go on a pilgrimage (an act of piety frequent in those days), and conjured him to embrace that opportunity of conveying her from a husband she detested to a lover she adored. Mac Murchad too punctually obeyed the summons, and had the lady conveyed to his capital of Ferns." The monarch Roderic espoused the cause of O'Ruark, while Mac Murchad fled to England, and obtained the assistance of Henry II. "Such," adds Giraldus Cambrensis (as I find in an old translation), "is the variable and fickle nature of woman, by whom all mischief in the world (for the most part) do happen and come, as may appear by Marcus Antonius, and by the destruction of Troy."]

THE valley lay smiling before me,
 Where lately I left her behind ;
 Yet I trembled, and something hung o'er me,
 That saddened the joy of my mind.
 I looked for the lamp which she told me
 Should shine when her pilgrim return'd,
 But, though darkness began to enfold me,
 No lamp from the battlements burn'd !

I flew to her chamber—'twas lonely,
As if the lov'd tenant lay dead !
Ah ! would it were death, and death only !
But no ! the young false one had fled.
And there hung the lute that could soften
My very worst pains into bliss,
While the hand that had wak'd it so often
Now throbb'd to a proud rival's kiss.

There *was* a time, falsest of women !
When BREFFNI's good sword would have sought
That man through a million of foemen,
Who dared but to doubt thee *in thought* !
While now—Oh, degenerate daughter
Of Erin, how fallen is thy fame !
And, thro' ages of bondage and slaughter,
Our country shall bleed for thy shame.

Already the curse is upon her,
And strangers her valleys profane ;
They come to divide—to dishonour,
And tyrants they long will remain !
But onward ! the green banner rearing,
Go, flesh every sword to the hilt ;
On *our* side is VIRTUE and ERIN !
On *theirs* is the SAXON and GUILT.

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

SHE once was a lady of honour and wealth,
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health ;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold ;
Joy revell'd around her—love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile as the glance of a bride :
And light was her step in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That caused her to live for the suffering race ;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary, and answer'd, " I come."
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And pass'd from her home with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onwards she moved,—
For her heart was on fire in the cause it approved.

Lost ever to fashion—to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast—
No more in the ball-room that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the Sister of Charity blushes at fame ;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barter for heaven the glory of earth.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love ;
Those hands that once dangled the perfume and gem
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them ;

That voice that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain ;
And the hair that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

Her down bed a pallet—her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre—one taper that serves her to read ;
Her sculpture—the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings one print of the thorn-crowned head ;
Her cushion the pavement that wearies her knees,
Her music the psalm, or the sigh of disease ;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind,
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined,
Like him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary, she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick ;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves in the vapour of death ;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace ;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him.

Behold her, ye worldly ! behold her, ye vain !
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain !
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers—self-seeking men,
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid ?

MARY LE MORE.

BY GEORGE NUGENT REYNOLDS.

[Mr. Reynolds was a Leitrim gentleman of moderate property, earnest patriotism, and respectable ability. Between the era of Independence and the Union he wrote several rough, strong, popular songs in the national interest; one or two of which still hold their ground in the collections. Latterly a claim has been made on his behalf to the authorship of the "Exile of Erin," so strongly sustained by sworn evidence, that nothing but the character of Campbell could resist it.—It is, however, weakened by the fact that none of his acknowledged writings are in the same style, or of the same ability.]

As I stray'd o'er the common on Cork's rugged border,
While the dew-drops of morn the sweet primrose
array'd,

I saw a poor maiden whose mental disorder,
Her quick-glancing eye and wild aspect betrayed.
On the sward she reclined, by the green fern sur-
rounded,
At her side speckled daisies and wild flow'rs abounded;
To its utmost recesses her heart had been wounded;
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blasts of sorrow were faded,
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her
cheek;

Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,
And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.
While with pity I gazed, she exclaim'd, "O my
Mother!

See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my brother;
They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip
another—

'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

"Though his locks were as white as the foam of the
ocean,

Those wretches shall find that my father is brave;
My father!" she cried, with the wildest emotion,

"Ah! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave!

They have toll'd his death-bell, they've laid the turf
o'er him ;
His white locks were bloody ! no aid could restore
him ;
He is gone ! he is gone ! and the good will deplore
him,
When the blue waves of Erin hide Mary le More."

A lark, from the gold blossom'd furze that grew near
her,
Now rose, and with energy caroll'd his lay ;
"Hush ! hush !" she continued, " the trumpet sounds
clearer ;
The horsemen approach ! Erin's daughters away !
Ah ! soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was burning,
And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mourning—
Go, hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take warning,
Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

"Away, bring the ointment—O God ! see those gashes !
Alas ! my poor brother, come dry the big tear ;
Anon we'll have vengeance for these dreadful lashes ;
Already the screech-owl and raven appear.
By day the green grave, that lies under the willow,
With wild flow'rs I'll strew, and by night make my
pillow,
Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curl'd
billow,
Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More."

Thus rav'd the poor maniac, in tones more heart-
rending
Than sanity's voice ever pour'd on my ear,
When, lo ! on the waste, and their march tow'rd's her
bending,
A troop of fierce cavalry chanced to appear ;

“O ye fiends!” she exclaim’d, and with wild horror
 started,
 Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she
 darted!
 With an overcharged bosom I slowly departed,
 And sigh’d for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

THE LAMENT OF O’GNIVE.

FROM A LITERAL TRANSLATION OF THE ORIGINAL IRISH IN O’CONNOR’S
 “DISSERTATIONS ON IRISH HISTORY.”

BY JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN.

[FEARFLATHA O’GNIAMH was family *Ollamh*, or Bard, to the O’Neill, of Clanaboy, about the year 1556. The poem, of which the following lines are the translation, commences with “*Ma thruagh mar ataid Goadhil.*”]

How dimm’d is the glory that circled the Gael,
 And fall’n the high people of green Innisfail!
 The sword of the Saxon is red with their gore,
 And the mighty of nations is mighty no more.

Like a bark on the ocean long shatter’d and tost,
 On the land of your fathers at length you are lost,
 The hand of the spoiler is stretch’d on your plains,
 And you’re doomed from your cradles to bondage and
 chains.

O where is the beauty that beam’d on thy brow?
 Strong hand in the battle, how weak art thou now!
 That heart is now broken that never would quail,
 And thy high songs are turn’d into weeping and wail.

Bright shades of our sires! from your home in the skies
 O blast not your sons with the scorn of your eyes!
 Proud spirit of Gollamh,* how red is thy cheek!
 For thy freemen are slaves, and thy mighty are weak!

* Gollamh—A name of Milesius.

O'Neill* of the Hostages; Con,† whose high name
On a hundred red battles has floated to fame,
Let the long grass still sigh undisturbed o'er thy
sleep,
Arise not to shame us, awake not to weep!

In thy broad wing of darkness infold us, O night!
Withhold, O bright sun, the reproach of thy light!
For freedom or valour no more canst thou see,
In the home of the Brave, in the isle of the Free.

Affliction's dark waters your spirits have bow'd,
And oppression hath wrapped all your land in its
shroud,
Since first from the Brehons‡ pure justice you
stray'd,
And bent to those laws the proud Saxon has made.

We know not our country, so strange is her face,
Her sons once her glory are now her disgrace;
Gone, gone is the beauty of fair Innisfail,§
For the stranger now rules in the land of the Gael.

Where, where are the woods that oft rung to your
cheer,
Where you waked the wild chase of the wolf and the
deer?
Can those dark heights, with ramparts all frowning
and riven,
Be the hills where your forests waved brightly in
Heaven?

* Nial—of the Nine Hostages, the Heroic Monarch of Ireland, in the fourth century, and ancestor of the O'Neill family.

† Con Cead Catha—Con of the Hundred Fights, Monarch of the Island in the second century; although the fighter of a hundred battles, he was not the victor of a hundred fields—his valorous rival, Owen, King of Munster, compelled him to a division of the kingdom.

‡ Brehons—The hereditary Judges of the Irish Septs.

§ Innisfail—The Island of Destiny, one of the names of Ireland.

O bondsmen of Egypt, no Moses appears
 To light your dark steps thro' this desert of tears;
 Degraded and lost ones, no Hector is nigh,
 To lead you to freedom, or teach you to die!

[Callanan was educated for the Irish priesthood, but the feebleness of his constitution, and probably an instinctive longing after a literary life, induced him to quit college without taking orders. For some years after, he resided in Cork, his native city, and produced his minor poems in rapid succession. But his health was never re-established; his exciting labours and an eager disposition robbed him of the repose essential to recovery. In 1829 he removed to Lisbon for change of air, died, and was buried in that city. His ballads, translations from the Irish, and other small poems, collected from *Blackwood*, *Bolster's* (Cork) *Magazine*, and similar sources—and the *Recluse of Inchidony*, a long poem in the Spenserian metre, were published the same year; but are now out of print * His exquisite verses on *Gougane Barra* have alone attained to a wide popularity; in the South, however, all his writings are familiarly known. Some of his translations from the Irish preserve the idiomatic peculiarities of the language to a wonderful degree, and are among the most racy and characteristic we possess.]

THE IRISH REAPER'S HARVEST HYMN.

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

ALL hail! Holy Mary, our hope and our joy!
 Smile down, blessed Queen! on the poor Irish boy,
 Who wanders away from his dear belov'd home;
 Oh, Mary! be with me wherever I roam.

Be with me, Oh! Mary,
 Forsake me not, Mary,
 But guide me, and guard me, wherever I roam.

From the home of my fathers in anguish I go,
 To toil for the dark-livered, cold-hearted foe,
 Who mocks me, and hates me, and calls me a slave,
 An alien, a savage, all names but a knave;

But, blessed be Mary,
 My sweet, Holy Mary,
 The *bodagh*† he never dare call me a knave.

* 1866. They have since been re-published.

† *Bodagh*, a clown, a churl.

From my mother's mud sheeling, an outcast I fly,
With a cloud on my heart and a tear in my eye ;
Oh ! I burn as I think that if *Some One* would say, .
"Revenge on your tyrants"—but Mary, I pray
 From my soul's depth, Oh ! Mary,
 And hear me, sweet Mary,
For Union and Peace to old Ireland I pray.

The land that I fly from is fertile and fair,
And more than I ask for or wish for is there—
But *I* must not taste the good things that I see,
"There's nothing but rags and green rushes for me."*
 Oh ! mild Virgin Mary,
 Oh ! sweet Mother Mary,
Who keeps my rough hand from red murder but thee?

But sure in the end our dear freedom we'll gain,
And wipe from the Green Flag each Sasanach stain,
And oh ! Holy Mary, your blessing we crave,
Give hearts to the timid, and hands to the brave ;
 And then, Mother Mary,
 Our own blessed Mary,
Light liberty's flame in the hut of the slave.

* Taken literally from a conversation with a young peasant on his way to reap the harvest in England.

THE CONVICT OF CLONMELL.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

BY JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN,

Author of the "Recluse of Inchidony," &c.

Is dubac e mo cas.

[Who the hero of this song is I know not; but convicts, from obvious reasons, have been peculiar objects of sympathy in Ireland.

Hurling, which is mentioned in one of the verses, is a thoroughly national diversion, and is played with intense zeal by parish against parish, barony against barony, county against county, or even province against province. It is played, not only by the peasant, but by the students of the university, where it is an established pastime. Twiss, the most sweeping calumniator of Ireland, calls it, if I mistake not, the cricket of barbarians; but though fully prepared to pay a just tribute to the elegance of the English game, I own that I think the Irish sport fully as civilized, and much better calculated for the display of vigour and activity. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes" (p. 78), eulogizes the activity of some Irishmen, who played the game about 25 years before the publication of his work (1801), at the back of the British Museum, and deduces it from the Roman harpastum. It was played in Cornwall formerly, he adds; but neither the Romans nor Cornishmen used a bat, or, as we call it in Ireland, a hurly. The description Strutt quotes from old Carew is quite graphic.]

How hard is my fortune,
 And vain my repining!
 The strong rope of fate
 For this young neck is twining.
 My strength is departed;
 My cheek sunk and sallow;
 While I languish in chains,
 In the gaol of Clonmala.*

No boy in the village
 Was ever yet milder,
 I'd play with a child,
 And my sport would be wilder.

* cluainmeala, Recess, or field of honey.—Irish of Clonmell.

I'd dance without tiring
From morning till even,
And the goal-ball I'd strike
To the lightning of Heaven.

At my bed-foot decaying,
My hurlbat is lying,
Through the boys of the village
My goal-ball is flying ;
My horse 'mong the neighbours
Neglected may fallow,—
While I pine in my chains,
In the gaol of Clonmala.

Next Sunday the patron
At home will be keeping,
And the young active hurlers
The field will be sweeping.
With the dance of fair maidens
The evening they'll hallow,
While this heart, once so gay,
Shall be cold in Clonmala.

LAMENT OF THE IRISH MAIDEN.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

BY DENNY LANE.

AIR—" *The Foggy Dew.*"

ON Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,
 The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalia,
 And many a stream comes rushing down
 To swell the angry Ownabwee ;
 The moaning blast is sweeping fast
 Thro' many a leafless tree,
 And I'm alone, for he is gone,
 My hawk has flown, *ochone machree.*

The heath was green on Carrigdhoun,
 Bright shone the sun on Ardnalia,
 The dark green trees bent trembling down
 To kiss the slumb'ring Ownabwee ;
 That happy day, 'twas but last May,
 'Tis like a dream to me,
 When Doinnall swore, ay, o'er and o'er,
 We'd part no more, *oh stor machree.*

Soft April show'rs and bright May flow'rs
 Will bring the summer back again,
 But will they bring me back the hours
 I spent with my brave Doinnall then ?
 'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France,
 To wear the *fleur-de-lis* ;
 But I'll follow you, *ma Doinnall dhu*,*
 For still I'm true to you, *machree.*

* *mo doinnall dub*, my black Daniel.

THE COUNTY OF MAYO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

BY GEORGE FOX.

[This specimen of our ancient Irish literature is one of the most popular songs of the peasantry of the counties of Mayo and Galway, and is evidently a composition of the seventeenth century. The original Irish, which is the composition of one Thomas Lavelle, has been published, without a translation, by Mr. Hardiman, in his "Irish Minstrelsy," but a very able translation of it was published by Mr. Ferguson, in a review of that work in the *University Magazine* for June, 1834. The original melody of the same name is of very great beauty and pathos, and one which it is desirable to preserve with English words of appropriate simplicity of character.]

ON the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sat in woful
plight,
Through my sighing all the weary day, and weeping
all the night,
Were it not that full of sorrow from my people forth
I go,
By the blessed sun ! 'tis royally I'd sing thy praise,
Mayo !

When I dwelt at home in plenty, and my gold did
much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale
went round—
'Tis a bitter change from those gay days that now I'm
forced to go,
And must leave my bones in Santa Cruz, far from
my own Mayo.

They are altered girls in Irrul now ; 'tis proud they're
grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots, for I pass
their buckles by—

But it's little now I heed their airs, for God will have
it so,
That I must depart for foreign lands, and leave my
sweet Mayo.

'Tis my grief that Patrick Loughlin is not Earl of
Irrul still,
And that Brian Duff no longer rules as Lord upon the
hill:
And that Colonel Hugh MacGrady should be lying
dead and low,
And I sailing, sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo.

THE PATRIOT MOTHER.

A BALLAD OF '98.

"COME, tell us the name of the rebelly crew,
Who lifted the pike on the Curragh with you ;
Come, tell us the treason, and then you'll be free,
Or right quickly you'll swing from the high gallows
tree."

"*Alanna ! alanna !* the shadow of shame
Has never yet fallen upon one of your name,
And oh ! may the food from my bosom you drew,
In your veins turn to poison, if *you* turn untrue.

"The foul words—oh ! let them not blacken your
tongue,
That would prove to your friends and your country a
wrong,
Or the curse of a mother, so bitter and dread,
With the wrath of the Lord—may they fall on your
head !

"I have no one but you in the whole world wide,
Yet false to your pledge, you'd ne'er stand at my side:
If a traitor you liv'd, you'd be farther away
From my heart than, if true, you were wrapp'd in the
clay.

"Oh ! deeper and darker the mourning would be,
For your falsehood so base, than your death proud
and free,
Dearer, far dearer than ever to me,
My darling, you'll be on the brave gallows tree.

" 'Tis holy, agra, from the bravest and best—
Go ! go ! from my heart, and be join'd with the rest,
Alanna, machree ! O alanna, machree !
Sure a '*stag*'* and a traitor you never will be.'

There's no look of a traitor upon the young brow
That's raised to the tempters so haughtily now ;
No traitor e'er held up the firm head so high—
No traitor e'er show'd such a proud flashing eye.

On the high gallows tree ! on the brave gallows tree !
Where smil'd leaves and blossoms, his sad doom met
he !

But it never bore blossom so pure or so fair,
As the heart of the martyr that hangs from it there.

* "Stag," an informer.

BOUCHELLEEN-BAWN.

BY JOHN BANIM.

AIR—"Lough Sheeling."

[This ballad refers to the abortive scheme of proselytism, commonly known as the "New Reformation."]

AND Where are you going, *ma bouchelleen-bawn*,*
 From father and mother so early at dawn?
 Och! rather run idle from evening till dawn,
 Than darken *their* threshold, *ma bouchelleen-bawn*!

For there they would tell you, *ma bouchelleen-bawn*,
 That the mother whose milk to your heart you have
 drawn,
 And the father who prays for you, evening and dawn,
 Can never be heard for you, *bouchelleen-bawn*.

That the faith we have bled for, from father to son,
 Since first by a lie our fair valleys were won,
 And which oft in the desert, our knees to the sod,
 We kept from them all, for our sons and our God—

That this was idolatry, heartless and cold,
 And now grown more heartless because it is old;
 And for something that's newer they'd ask you to
 pawn
 The creed of your fathers, *ma bouchelleen-bawn*!

And now *will* you go to them, *bouchelleen-bawn*,
 From father and mother, so early at dawn?
 Och! the cloud from your mind let it never be drawn,
 But cross not *their* threshold, *ma bouchelleen-bawn*!

* My little fair boy.

MO CRAOIBHIN CNO.*

BY EDWARD WALSH.

My heart is far from Liffey's tide
 And Dublin town ;
 It strays beyond the Southern side
 Of Cnoc-Maol-Donn,†
 Where Capa-chuinn‡ hath woodlands green,
 Where Amhan-Mhor's§ waters flow,
 Where dwells unsung, unsought, unseen,
Mo craoibhin cno,
 Low clustering in her leafy screen,
Mo craoibhin cno !

The high-bred dames of Dublin town
 Are rich and fair,
 With wavy plume and silken gown,
 And stately air ;
 Can plumes compare thy dark brown hair ?
 Can silks thy neck of snow ?
 Or measur'd pace thine artless grace,
Mo craoibhin cno,
 When harebells scarcely show thy trace,
Mo craoibhin cno ?

I've heard the songs by Liffey's wave
 That maidens sung—
 They sung their land the Saxon's slave,
 In Saxon tongue—

* *Mo craoibhin cno* literally means *my cluster of nuts*; but it figuratively signifies *my nut-brown maid*.

† *Cnoc-maol-Donn*—*The Brown bare hill*. A lofty mountain between the county of Tipperary and that of Waterford, commanding a glorious prospect of unrivalled scenery.

‡ Cappoquin. A romantically situated town on the Blackwater, in the county of Waterford. The Irish name denotes the *head of the tribe of Conn*.

§ *Amhan-mhor*—*The Great River*. The Blackwater, which flows into the sea at Youghal. The Irish name is uttered in two sounds, *Oan Vore*

Oh! bring me here that Gaelic dear
Which cursed the Saxon foe,
When thou didst charm my raptured ear,
Mo craoibhin cno!
And none but God's good angels near,
Mo craoibhin cno!

I've wandered by the rolling Lee!
And Lene's green bowers—
I've seen the Shannon's wide-spread sea,
And Limerick's towers—
And Liffey's tide, where halls of pride
Frown o'er the flood below;
My wild heart strays to Amhan-mhor's side,
Mo craoibhin cno!
With love and thee for aye to bide,
Mo craoibhin cno!

SHULE AROON.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

[The date of this ballad is not positively known, but it appears to be early in the eighteenth century, when the flower of the Catholic youth of Ireland were drawn away to recruit the ranks of the Brigade. The inexpressible tenderness of the air, and the deep feeling and simplicity of the words, have made the ballad a popular favourite, notwithstanding its meagreness and poverty.]

I WOULD I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
Is go de tu mo murnin slàn.

*Shule, shule, shule aroon,
Shule go succir, agus shule go cuin,
Shule go den durrus agus eligh glum,
Is go de tu mo murnin slàn.*

I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
I'll sell my only spinning-wheel,
To buy for my love a sword of steel,
Is go de tu mo murnin slàn.

Chorus.

I'll dye my petticoats, I'll dye them red,
And round the world I'll beg my bread,
Until my parents shall wish me dead,
Is go de tu mo murnin slàn.

Chorus.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I had my heart again,
And vainly think I'd not complain,
Is go de tu mo murnin slàn.

Chorus.

But now my love has gone to France,
To try his fortune to advance;
If he e'er come back 'tis but a chance,
Is go de tu mo murnin slàn.

Chorus.

O SAY, MY BROWN DRIMIN.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

A Drimin doan dilis no sioda na mbo.*

[Drimin is the favourite name of a cow, by which Ireland is here allegorically denoted. The five ends of Erin are the five Kingdoms—Munster, Leinster, Ulster, Connaught, and Meath,—into which the island was divided, under the Milesian dynasty.]

O SAY, my brown Drimin, thou silk of the kine,
Where, where are thy strong ones, last hope of thy line?
Too deep and too long is the slumber they take,
At the loud call of freedom why don't they awake?

My strong ones have fallen—from the bright eye of day
All darkly they sleep in their dwelling of clay;
The cold turf is o'er them—they hear not my cries,
And since Lewis no aid gives, I cannot arise.

O! where art thou, Lewis? our eyes are on thee—
Are thy lofty ships walking in strength o'er the sea?
In freedom's last strife, if you linger or quail,
No morn e'er shall break on the night of the Gael.

But should the King's son, now bereft of his right,
Come proud in his strength for his Country to fight;
Like leaves on the trees, will new people arise,
And deep from their mountains shout back to my cries.

When the Prince, now an exile, shall come for his own,
The Isles of his father, his rights, and his throne,
My people in battle the Saxons will meet,
And kick them before, like old shoes from their feet.

O'er mountains and valleys they'll press on their route,
The five ends of Erin shall ring to their shout;
My sons all united, shall bless the glad day
When the flint-hearted Saxon they've chased far away.

* Silk of the cows—an idiomatic expression for the most beautiful of cattle, which I have preserved in translating.—Tr.

THE GRAVE OF MACCAURA.

BY MRS. DOWNING.

Author of "Scraps from the Mountains."

[At Callan, a pass on an unfrequented road leading from Glanerought (the vale of the Roughty) to Bantry, the country people point out a flat stone by the pathway, which they name as the burial-place of Daniel MacCarthy, who fell there in an engagement with the Fitzgeralds in 1261. The stone still preserves the traces of characters, which are, however, illegible. From the scanty records of the period, it would appear that this battle was no inconsiderable one. The Geraldines were defeated, and their leader, Thomas Fitzgerald, and his son, eighteen barons, fifteen knights, and many others of his adherents, slain. But the honour and advantage of victory were dearly purchased by the exulting natives, owing to the death of their brave and noble chieftain.]

AND this is thy grave, MacCaura,
Here by the pathway lone ;
Where the thorn blossoms are bending
Over thy mouldered stone.
Alas ! for the sons of glory ;
Oh ! thou of the darkened brow,
And the eagle plume, and the belted clans,
Is it here thou art sleeping now ?

Oh ! wild is the spot, MacCaura,
In which they have laid thee low—
The field where thy people triumphed
Over a slaughtered foe ;
And loud was the banshee's wailing,
And deep was the clansmen's sorrow,
When with bloody hands and burning tears
They buried thee here, MacCaura.

And now thy dwelling is lonely—
King of the rushing horde ;
And now thy battles are over—
Chief of the shining sword.

And the rolling thunder echoes
O'er torrent and mountain free,
But alas ! and alas ! MacCaura,
It will not awaken thee.

Farewell to thy grave, MacCaura,
Where the slanting sunbeams shine,
And the briar and waving fern
Over thy slumbers twine ;
Thou whose gathering summons
Could waken the sleeping glen ;
MacCaura ! alas for thee and thine,
"Twill never be heard again !

PEGGY BAWN.

[The existence of this ballad is traceable for a century—it is probably much older. It bears strong evidence of having been written in Ulster, where it holds its ground with undiminished popularity to this day.]

As I gae'd o'er the Highland hills,
To a farmer's house I came—
The night being dark, and something wet,
I ventur'd into the same,
Where I was kindly treated,
And a pretty lass I spied,
Who ask'd me if I had a wife ;
But marriage I denied.

I courted her the lae long night,
Till near the dawn of day,
When frankly she to me did say,
"Alang wi' thee I'll gae ;
For Ireland is a fine country,
And the Scots to you are kin ;
So I will gang along with you,
My fortune to begin."

Day being come and breakfast o'er,
To the parlour I was ta'en ;
The gudeman kindly asked me,
If I'd marry his daughter Jane—
“Five hundred merks I'll give her,
Besides a piece of lan'.”
But no sooner had he spoke the word,
Than I thought of Peggy Bawn.

“Your offer, sir, is very good,
And I thank you, too,” said I;
“But I cannot be your son-in-law,
And I'll tell you the reason why.
My business calleth me in haste,
I am the king's servant bound,
And I must gang awa' this day,
Straight to Edinburgh town.”

Oh, Peggy Bawn, though art my own,
Thy heart lies in my breast;
And though we at a distance are,
Yet I love thee still the best:
Although we at a distance are,
And the seas between us roar,
Yet I'll be constant, Peggy Bawn,
To thee for evermore,

A LAMENTATION.

BY J. CLARENCE MANGAN.

[This lamentation is not an Irish ballad, but an imitation of Irish ballad poetry. It is translated from the German of Goethe: a strange and suggestive fact, that the greatest intellect of this age should have been devoted to the study and illustration of our native poetry, while it was neglected at home.]

O ! RAISE the woful *Pillalu*,
And let your tears in streams be shed;
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!
The Master's eldest hope is dead!

Ere broke the morning dim and pale,
The owlet flapp'd his heavy wing,
We heard the winds at evening wail,
And now our dirge of death we sing,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Why wouldst thou go? How couldst thou die?
Why hast thou left thy parents dear—
Thy friends, thy kindred far and nigh,
Whose cries, *movrone!* thou dost not hear?
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Thy mother, too !—how could she part
From thee, her darling, fair and sweet—
The heart that throbb'd within her heart,
The pulse, the blood that made it beat?
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

Oh ! lost to her and all thy race,
Thou sleepest in the House of Death,
She sees no more thy cherub face,
She drinks no more thy violet breath;
Och, orro, orro, ollalu!

By strand and road, by field and fen,
 The sorrowing clans come thronging all;
 From camp and dun, from hill and glen,
 They crowd around the castle wall.
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !

From East and West, from South and North
 To join the funeral train they hie,
 And now the mourners issue forth,
 And far they spread the *keening* cry.
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !

Then raise the woful *Pillalu*,
 And let your tears in streams be shed,
Och, orro, orro, ollalu !
 The Chieftain's pride, his heir, is dead.

THE BLACKBIRD.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

[This ballad is inserted in the Jacobite Relics of Scotland; but it is unquestionably Irish. It is sung to an old Irish air of the same name (*an londubh*, the Blackbird), and has been in common use all over Munster for a century. But if there were no other evidence, the words are distinctly marked with the faults of early Anglo-Irish poetry—broken metaphors, Irish vowel rhymes, and a hazy indistinctness of conception and expression. It is chiefly valuable for its undoubted antiquity.]

ONCE on a morning of sweet recreation,
 I heard a fair lady a-making her moan,
 With sighing and sobbing, and sad lamentation,
 Aye singing, "My Blackbird for ever is flown !
 He's all my heart's treasure, my joy and my pleasure,
 So justly, my love, my heart follows thee ;
 And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
 To seek out my Blackbird, wherever he be.

“I will go, a stranger to peril and danger,
My heart is so loyal in every degree ;
For he’s constant and kind, and courageous in
mind,
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !
In Scotland he’s loved and dearly approved,
In England a stranger he seemeth to be ;
But his name I’ll advance in Ireland or France,
Good luck to my Blackbird, wherever he be !

“The birds of the forest are all met together,
The turtle is chosen to dwell with the dove,
And I am resolved, in foul or fair weather,
Once in the spring-time to seek out my love.
But since fickle Fortune, which still proves uncertain,
Hath caused this parting between him and me,
His right I’ll proclaim, and who dares me blame ?
Good luck to my Blackbird wherever he be !”

LAMENT OF THE EMIGRANT CONNAUGHT- WOMAN FOR HER DEAD SON.

BY JOHN KEEGAN.

TIME—A chilly evening in September, 1844. SCENE—A rude churchyard in a sequestered hamlet in England. The sexton is digging a grave. A coffin lies convenient, and over it hangs an old woman arrayed in the tattered habiliments of her caste. She had accompanied her only son to the "English harvest," and on their return home he was seized with the fever and died in an hospital. She sings the *caoine*, or dirge, over the body.

OH ! then, God, has it come to my turn for to see
The day that you took my own Ulick from me ?
Did I live to look down in that dark narrow hole,
Where they laid him, the pride and the joy of my
soul,

Ulla ochone !

Where they laid down the hope and the light of my
soul ?

They're taking you darling ! no more shall I see
The flash of your blue eyes, a *suilish machree* ;
Your bed they have made in the cold clammy clay,
And the worms on your brave, manly bosom will
prey.

Och, ochone !

The Sasanach worms on your bosom will prey !

In the land of our fathers where you and I dwelt,
To be sure, cold and hunger we oftentimes felt—
But we had a *home*, and a spot where we lay
Our heads at the close of each sorrowful day,

Och, mavrone !

Indeed, we saw many a sorrowful day.

Yet I never murmur'd nor flew in God's face—
 Tho' my belly was hungry, my heart was at peace,
 When I saw my own *bouchal* so comely and tall,
 The fairest, the bravest, and best of them all—

Och, asthore !

It's you was the beauty and flower of them all.

And often you said, "Mother, darling, don't cry,
 Tho' my corner's a cold one, 'tis yours till you die ;"
 But the tyrant—curse on him !—look'd into our
bawn,

And drove us like *prehauns* upon the *shaughrawn*,

Och, ochone !

May the dark-liver'd "*boddagh*" die on the *shaugh-*
rawn.

'Twas God's will that done it, and I won't complain,
 For you died as you lived, like a lamb without stain ;
 But my blood boils to think you should ask for a
grave

From the dark-looking churl who made you a slave,

Chorp-an-dhoul !

An "alien," an outcast, a wandering slave.

Had you died in your own kindly land in the West,
 The mass would be sung and your winding-sheet
blest ;

And the wild Connaught girls would throng to your
bier.

With bright tears and all the fair flowers of the year,

Och, ochone !

With the gems of the heart and the bloom of the year

But, ah ! amongst strangers your white limbs are laid,
 You are stretch'd—bird alone !—in the Sasanach's
shade ;

But the Sasanach for you his bell did not toll,
 And no one as much as said, "Peace to your soul,"

Ullah, ochone !

And none but myself said, "God's rest to your soul."

Oh, God ! if you'd say to me, Granna* *mashore*,
 Your Ulick is gone where there's rest evermore ;
 And if you'd come with him, or wish to be nigh
 Your own *moc-na-bointha*,† go lie down and die,
Och, mavrone !
 With a heart and a half I would lie down and die.

I won't curse the Saxon, I won't curse the clay
 Where my *bouchaleen* sleeps, from his own far away ;
 But I'd lie down in peace, were it God's holy will
 We were both stretch'd together on Knockcarrig hill,
Ullah, ochone !
 Where it hangs o'er the Shannon, old Knockcarrig
 hill.

Farewell, now, *mavourneen*, you're gone from my
 sight,
 But I give you to God and the angels of light ;
 And I'm sure the Blessed Virgin is making for thee
 A soft bed in Heaven, a *vourneen machree* !
A chorra machree !
 My blessing go with you, a *vourneen machree* !

* Granna — Grace, or Gertrude, a favourite female name amongst the Connaught peasantry.

† "*Moc-na-bointha*," — The widow's only son.

THE WILD GEESE.*

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

How solemn sad by Shannon's flood
The blush of morning sun appears !
To men who gave for us their blood,
Ah ! what can woman give but tears ?
How still the field of battle lies !
No shouts upon the breeze are blown !
We heard our dying country's cries,
We sit deserted and alone.
Ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone,
Ogh hone, &c.
Ah ! what can woman give but tears !

Why thus collected on the strand
Whom yet the God of mercy saves,
Will ye forsake your native land ?
Will you desert your brothers' graves ?
Their graves give forth a fearful groan—
Oh ! guard your orphans and your wives ;
Like us, make Erin's cause your own,
Like us, for her yield up your lives.
Ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone, ogh hone,
Ogh hone, &c.
Like us, for her yield up your lives.

* The wild geese was the popular name for the recruits of the Irish brigade.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE.*

[This version of the Boyne Water is in universal use among the Orangemen of Ireland, and is the only one ever sung by them. But that it is not the original song, written a century and a half ago, is perfectly certain. Fragments of the old Boyne Water are still remembered in the North; and Samuel MacSkimin, the historian of Carrickfergus, had hopes at one time of being able to form a complete copy, from the snatches yet recited among the Orange yeomen of Down and Antrim. We give in an Appendix such fragments as he was able to collect. The date of the present song is unknown, and it supplanted the original so completely in common use, that inquiries on the subject were not instituted when there was any considerable chance of their being successful. But its plainness, occasional vigour, and minute details, argue it to be of an early date.

JULY the first, in Oldbridge town,
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By cannons that did rattle.
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged they vowed revenge
Upon King William's forces,
And oft did vehemently cry
That they would stop their courses.
A bullet from the Irish came,
And grazed King William's arm,
They thought his majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
His King would often caution
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retained their rapid motion;
But William said, he don't deserve
The name of Faith's defender,
Who would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender.

* See note A in the Appendix.

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended ;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended ;
The horse was the first that marched o'er,
The foot soon followed after ;
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William he accosted
His warlike men for to march on
And he would be the foremost ;
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed,
For the loss of one commander,
For God will be our king this day.
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give the enemies battle :
Our cannon, to our foe's great cost,
Like thund'ring claps did rattle.
In majestic mien our Prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed after,
With blows and shouts put our foes to the rout
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reason to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful.
First to the Tholsel they were brought.
And tried at the Millmount after ;
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The cunning French near to Duleek
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Still waiting for new orders ;

But in the dead time of the night,
They set the fields on fire,
And long before the morning light,
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
I'm glad (said he) that none of ye
Seem to be faint-hearted ;
So sheath your swords and rest awhile,
In time we'll follow after ;
Those words he uttered with a smile
The day he crossed the water.

Come let us all with heart and voice
Applaud our lives' defender,
Who at the Boyne his valour showed
And made his foe surrender.
To God above the praise we'll give
Both now and ever after ;
And bless the glorious memory
Of King William that crossed the water.

THE DRINAN DHUN.

A STREET BALLAD.

My love he is fairer than a soft summer's day,
And his breath is far sweeter than new-mown hay,
And his hair shines like gold when revived by the
sun,
And the name that they give him's the *Drinan*
Dhun.*

My boy he is gone to cross over the main,
May God send him safe to his true love again,
For I wander all day, until night-time comes on,
And I sleep on the leaves of the *Drinan Dhun*.

If I had a small cot on the ocean to row,
I would follow my darling wherever he'd go ;
I'd rather have my true love for to sport and to
play,
Than all the gold treasures on the land and the sea.

My love he is handsome and fair to be seen,
With his red rosy cheeks he is fit for a queen,
With his two sparkling eyes as bright as the sun,
And he is fair as the blossom of the *Drinan Dhun*.

Impatient I wait for my love to return,
And for his long absence I never cease to mourn,
I will join with the small birds when the summer
comes on,
For to welcome the blossom of the *Drinan Dhun*.

* *Drinan Dhun*—literally, the sloe tree ; metaphorically, a small dark-complexioned man.

THE FAIRY THORN.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

“GET up, our Anna dear, from the weary spinning-wheel ;
For your father's on the hill, and your mother is asleep :
Come up above the crags, and we'll dance a Highland reel
Around the fairy thorn on the steep.”

At Anna Grace's door 'twas thus the maidens cried,
Three merry maidens fair in kirtles of the green ;
And Anna laid the rock and the weary wheel aside,
The fairest of the four I ween.

They're glancing through the glimmer of the quiet eve,
Away in milky wavings of neck and ankle bare ;
The heavy-sliding stream in its sleepy song they leave,
And the crags in the ghostly air.

And linking hand-in-hand, and singing as they go,
The maids along the hill-side have ta'en their fearless way,
Till they come to where the rowan trees in lonely beauty grow
Beside the Fairy Hawthorn grey.

The Hawthorn stands between the ashes tall and slim,
Like matron with her twin grand-daughters at her knee ;
The rowan berries cluster o'er her low head grey and dim
In ruddy kisses sweet to see.

The merry maidens four have ranged them in a row,
Between each lovely couple a stately rowan stem,
And away in mazes wavy, like skimming birds they go,
Oh, never carolled bird like them !

But solemn is the silence of the silvery haze
That drinks away their voices in echoless repose,
And dreamily the evening has stilled the haunted
braes,
And dreamier the gloaming grows.

And sinking one by one, like lark-notes from the sky,
When the falcon's shadow saileth across the open
shaw,
Are hushed the maidens' voices, as cowering down
they lie
In the flutter of their sudden awe.

For, from the air above and the grassy ground
beneath,
And from the mountain-ashes and the old White-
thorn between,
A power of faint enchantment doth through their
beings breathe,
And they sink down together on the green.

They sink together silent, and stealing side to side,
They fling their lovely arms o'er their drooping
necks so fair,
Then vainly strive again their naked arms to hide,
For their shrinking necks again are bare.

Thus clasped and prostrate all, with their heads
together bowed,
Soft o'er their bosoms beating—the only human
sound—
They hear the silky footsteps of the silent fairy crowd,
Like a river in the air gliding round.

Nor scream can any raise, nor prayer can any say,
But wild, wild the terror of the speechless three—
For they feel fair Anna Grace drawn silently away,
By whom they dare not look to see.

They feel their tresses twine with their parting locks
of gold,
And the curls elastic falling, as her head withdraws ;
They feel her sliding arms from their tranced arms
unfold,
But they dare not look to see the cause.

For heavy on their senses the faint enchantment lies
Through all that night of anguish and perilous
amaze ;
And neither fear nor wonder can ope their quivering
eyes,
Or their limbs from the cold ground raise.

Till out of Night the Earth has rolled her dewy side,
With every haunted mountain and streamy vale
below ;
When, as the mist dissolves in the yellow morning
tide,
The maidens' trance dissolveth so.

Then fly the ghastly three as swiftly as they may,
And tell their tale of sorrow to anxious friends in
vain—
They pined away and died within the year and day.
And ne'er was Anna Grace seen again.

THE AVENGER.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

BY JEREMIAH JOSEPH CALLANAN.

*Da Bfeascín sí an la sin ba seasta bfeic m'intin.**

Oh! Heavens, if that long-wished-for morning I
 spied
 As high as three kings I'd leap up in my pride ;
 With transport I'd laugh, and my shout should
 arise,
 As the fire from each mountain blazed bright to the
 skies.

The Avenger shall lead us right on to the foe ;
 Our horns should sound out, and our trumpets should
 blow ;
 Ten thousand huzzas should ascend to high heaven,
 When our Prince was restored, and our fetters were
 riven.

Oh ! Chieftains of Ulster, when will you come forth,
 And send your strong cry to the winds of the
 North ?

The wrongs of a king call aloud for your steel—
 Red stars of the battle—O'Donnell, O'Neill !

Bright house of O'Connor, high offspring of kings,
 Up, up, like the eagle, when heavenward he springs !
 Oh ! break you once more from the Saxon's strong
 rule,
 Lost race of MacMurchad, O'Byrne, and O'Toole.

* Da bfeascín sí an la sin ba páirta beir m'intin,
 If I could but see that day, how well pleased would my mind be

Momonía of Druids—green dwelling of song!—
Where, where are thy minstrels—why sleep they thus
long?

Does no bard live to wake, as they oft did before,
MacCarthy—O'Brien—O'Sullivan More?

O come from your hills, like the waves to the shore,
When the storm-girded headlands are mad with the
roar!

Ten thousand huzzas shall ascend to high heaven,
When our Prince is restored, and our fetters are
riven.

[The names introduced in this ballad are amongst those of the principal families in Ireland, some of whom, however, were decided enemies of the Stuarts. The reader cannot fail to observe the strange expectation which the writer entertains of the nature of the Stuarts' designs:—They call on him not to come to reinstate himself on the throne of his fathers, but to aid the natives in doing vengeance on the "flint-hearted Saxon." Nothing, however, could be more natural. The Irish Jacobites (at least, the Irish Catholics) were in the habit of claiming the Stuarts as of the Milesian line, fondly deducing them from Fergus, and the Celts of Ireland. Who the avenger is, whose arrival is prayed for in the song, is not accurately known; but circumstances would warrant the date to be 1708, when a general impression prevailed that the field would be taken in favour of the Stuarts, under a commander of more weight and authority than had come forward before, his name having been kept a profound secret.—Tr.]

THE LAMENTATION OF HUGH REYNOLDS.

A STREET BALLAD.

[I copied this ballad from a broad-sheet in the collection of Mr. Davis; but could learn nothing of its date, or the circumstances connected with it. It is clearly modern, however, and founded on the story of an abduction, which terminated differently from the majority of these adventures. The popular sympathy in such cases is generally in favour of the gallant, the impression being that an abduction is never attempted without at least a tacit consent on the part of the girl. Whenever she appears as a willing witness for the prosecution it is said she has been tampered with by her friends; and public indignation falls upon the wrong object. The "Lamentation" was probably written for or by the ballad-singers; but it is the best of its bad class.]

The student would do well to compare it with the other street ballads in the collection; and with the simple old traditional ballads, such as "Shule Aroon" and "Peggy Bawn," that he may discover, if possible, where the charm lies that recommends strains so rude and naked to the most cultivated minds. These ballads have done what the songs of our greatest lyrical poets have *not* done—delighted both the educated and the ignorant. Whoever hopes for an equally large and contrasted audience must catch their simplicity, directness, and force, or whatever else constitutes their peculiar attraction.]

My name it is Hugh Reynolds, I come of honest
 parents,
 Near Cavan I was born as plainly you may see;
 By loving of a maid, one Catherine MacCabe,
 My life has been betrayed; she's a dear maid to
 me.*

The country were bewailing my doleful situation,
 But still I'd expectation this maid would set me
 free;
 But, oh! she was ungrateful, her parents proved
 deceitful,
 And though I loved her faithful, she's a dear maid
 to me.

* "A dear maid to me." An Irish idiom; meaning, not that she was much beloved by him, but that his love for her brought a heavy penalty with it—cost him dearly. Observe the effect of this idiom at the close of the second verse.

Young men and tender maidens, throughout this Irish
nation,
Who hear my lamentation, I hope you'll pray for
me ;
The truth I will unfold, that my precious blood she
sold,
In the grave I must lie cold ; she's a dear maid to
me.

For now my glass is run, and the hour it is come,
And I must die for love and the height of loyalty :
I thought it was no harm to embrace her in my arms,
Or take her from her parents ; but she's a dear maid
to me.

Adieu, my loving father, and you, my tender mother,
Farewell, my dearest brother, who has suffered sore
for me ;
With irons I'm surrounded, in grief I lie confounded,
By perjury unbounded ! she's a dear maid to me.

Now, I can say no more ; to the Law-board* I must
go,
There to take the last farewell of my friends and
counterie ;
May the angels, shining bright, receive my soul this
night,
And convey me into heaven to the blessed Trinity.

[1866. This ballad has, I understand, been popular in some districts of Ulster for forty years ; and two correspondents have sent me details connected with the case out of which it arose. One of them, writing from Cavan, says :—

“On reading in the ‘Ballad Poetry of Ireland’ the ‘Lament of Hugh Reynolds,’ I remembered well when a child going to see him in his condemned cell, on a Good Friday. He was executed the following Tuesday ; and as it excited an interest in my mind, I have applied to the governor of the prison, Mr. Galloghly, who gave me the date of his execution, the 28th March, 1826. He told me that Catherine MacCabe was a very reluctant witness, and was remanded to prison to force her to give

* Gallows.

evidence against him. He was invited into Cavan by her friends in order to get married. When he came to town, instead of acting according to promise, they handed him over to the police, and he was convicted of housebreaking and abduction. His brother and a man named O'Hara were committed as accomplices, but admitted out on bail. Before the assizes O'Hara left for America. Some of his friends, knowing the consequences, urged the brother John to leave also; but he declared his perfect innocence, and relied on that as sufficient: poor fellow! he was convicted, and sentenced to die with his brother. However, by the incessant entreaties of his friends to the grand jury and Colonel Saunderson (a great local potentate), a memorial was forwarded to the Castle, and his sentence was commuted; he was finally released after a few months' imprisonment."

A second correspondent says:—

"The Reynolds and MacCabe families were both county Cavan people and Catholics. There had been a standing quarrel between them, originating in a 'bit of land.' Both were respectable, but the Reynolds were 'reduced.' Catherine MacCabe swore that Reynolds took her off by force; he, in his dying speech, declared that she went with him freely. The girl's uncle was the person universally believed to be the instigator of the prosecution. I remember him well; his hair was white as snow, and his dress semi-clerical. There was universal sympathy for Reynolds. Catherine MacCabe left Cavan immediately after the execution, and soon died, it was said, of a broken heart. The ballad of 'Hugh Reynolds' is still sung here; and it was a popular belief that a judgment of God pursued the MacCabe family."]

MOLLY CAREW.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

OCH hone ! and what will I do?
 Sure my love is all cros't
 Like a bud in the frost ;
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,
 For 'tis *dhramas* and not sleep that comes into my
 head.
 And' tis all about you,
 My sweet Molly Carew—
 And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame !
 You're complater than Nature
 In every feature,
 The snow can't compare
 With your forehead so fair,

And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the prettiest star that shines out of the sky.

And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same !
Och hone ! weirasthru !
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone ! but why should I spake
Of your forehead and eyes,
When your nose it defies
Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme,
Tho' there's one BURKE, he says, that would call it
snublime ;

And then for your cheek,
Troth, 'twould take him a week
Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather ;
Then your lips ! oh, machree !
In their beautiful glow,
They a pattern might be
For the cherries to grow.
'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know,
For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago ;
But at this time o' day,
'Pon my conscience I'll say,
Such cherries might tempt a man's father !
Och hone ! weirasthru !
I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone ! by the man in the moon,
You taze me all ways
That a woman can plaze,
For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat
Magee,
As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,
Tho' the piper I bate
For fear the owld cheat
Wouldn't play you your favourite tune.

And when you're at mass,
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew.

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep ;
Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandering sowl!
Och hone! weirasthru!
Och hone! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you.

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;
For there's girls by the score
That loves me—and more,
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd
meet
My wedding all marching in pride down the street ;
'Troth, you'd open your eyes
And you'd die with surprise
To think 'twasn't you was come to it ;
And faith, Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,
Would jump if I'd say,
“ Katty Naile, name the day,”
And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cold winter's day;
Yet if you don't repent
Before Easter, when Lent
Is over I'll marry for spite,
Och hone! weirasthru!
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night.

THE CROPPY BOY.

A BALLAD OF '98.

BY CARROLL MALONE.

"Good men and true ! in this house who dwell,
To a stranger *bouchal*, I pray you tell
Is the priest at home ? or may he be seen ?
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen ;
'Tis easy speaking with Father Green ;
But you must wait, till I go and see
If the holy father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall—
What a lonely sound has his light foot-fall !
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,
With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins ;
"*Nomine Dei*," the youth begins :
At "*mea calpa*" he beats his breast,
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,
And at Gorey my loving brothers all,
I alone am left of my name and race,
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter day—
At mass-time once I went to play ;
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing ;
But I love my country above my King.
Now, Father ! bless me, and let me go
To die, if God has ordained it so."

The priest said nought, but a rustling noise
Made the youth look above in wild surprise ;
The robes were off, and in scarlet there
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,
Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse :—
“ ’Twas a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive,
For one short hour is your time to live.

“ Upon yon river three tenders float,
The Priest’s in one, if he isn’t shot—
We hold his house for our Lord the King,
And, amen, say I, may all traitors swing !”

At Geneva Barrack that young man died,
And at Passage they have his body laid.
Good people who live in peace and joy,
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy boy.

THE DRUNKARD.

A TALE OF LOW LIFE.

BY THOMAS FURLONG.

[Thirty years ago Thomas Furlong was a grocer's boy in one of the back streets of Dublin. By the force of great natural powers, he made his way from sordid obscurity to a wide reputation and a recognized position in literature. He was not, perhaps, a man of genius, but he possessed talents of great vigour and versatility, and an heroic perseverance. And his success was attained at a time when he had to create a reading public in the country. His most ambitious poems are *The Misanthrope* and the *Doom of Derenzi*; his most popular ones the *Plagues of Ireland* (a satire, in which, though an eager emancipator, he ran amuck at Orange Lodges, Catholic agitators, and Bible Societies); his translations from the Irish in *Hardiman's Minstrelsy*, and his *Tales of Low Life*, of which we subjoin one of wonderful truth, simplicity, and power. In public life his course was earnest and independent; in political literature he was an able, but somewhat unscrupulous, writer. But no man is entitled to a more charitable judgment. His youth was undisciplined and unguided, and he died in his thirty-third year. He lies in the little churchyard of Drumcondra, near Grose the antiquary and Gandon the architect, under a monument erected by his friend James Hardiman—all names dear to Ireland.]

ALONG Drumcondra road I strolled,
 The smoky town was just in sight—
 I met a woman, stooped and old,
 And she was in a ragged plight.
 "Oh! master dear, for sake of heaven,
 In pity look on me;
 You'll never miss a penny given
 Away in charity!
 That I'm in want the world may see—
 That I am old I'm sure appears;
 At Christmas next my age will be
 Just eight-and-sixty years."

"And how did all those years go o'er?
 What have you through that time been at?"
 "Oh! it would take an hour and more
 For me to tell all that."

When I was small, ay, very small,
To service I was sent ;
And, by my mother, I was told
Not to be sulky, stiff, or bold ;
But, to whatever place I went
Still to be ready at a call,
And act obligingly to all.

“ Years past, I grew, I worked my way,
My sweet young mistress on me doated ;
She in the kitchen stood one day,
And there she to the cook did say
That I must be promoted.

“ She thought it wrong to have me thrust
In a dark kitchen underground,
Exposed to damp, and dirt, and dust,
When other business could be found.
Heaven be her bed ! Soon after this
My kitchen clothes aside were laid :
Out through the park, around the town,
And in the squares, all up and down,
I walked, with master and with miss,
A dressy children’s maid.
Oh, then what easy times I had !
My look was gay, my heart was glad.

“ Of gowns I had full half a score,
I thought the stock would never fail—
Nice borders still to each I wore,
With flounces a yard deep or more,
All gathering round the tail ;
And then I had my big straw bonnet,
That flapped and fluttered in the wind,
And there were heaps of ribands too
Tied up in knots of every kind ;
I was a tidy girl to see,
My mistress took a pride in me.

“ One evening I got leave to go,
Under the care of our old cook,
To see the showman and the show,
And all the tents, at that strange fair
That’s known and talked of everywhere—
The merry fair of Donnybrook :
That fair was then, as it is now,
The place for boozing and a row.

“ The cook and I dressed very fine,
And we were to be home at nine.
We went—and heard the merryman,
And Mr. Punch, and Mr. Clown ;
And I laughed loud at all they said,
I thought with laughing I’d drop down.
The cook at last to growl began,
She talked of going home to bed :
But she was very, very dry,
And, in good earnest, so was I ;
She pointed to a great big tent,
And off we both together went.
We settled near a table’s end,
Where she by chance had found a friend ;
A sprightly, pleasant, nice young man—
God rest his sowl ! ’twas John M’Cann.

“ Oh ! Heavens be with you, John M’Cann !
It’s then you were a neat young man—
I never, never can forget
That pleasant evening when we met :
The cook had known him in her range
Of friends ; they talked of some they’d seen,
And I not willing to seem strange,
Dropped in at times a word between ;
And John he listened still to me,
And listened with so sweet a smile—
And his eyes looked so roguishly,
That I kept blushing all the while ;
Indeed I felt my cheeks quite hot,
But yet I didn’t quit the spot.

“ Now how it was I cannot say,
But he a liking took to me,
For as we moved to go away,
He turned and talked quite seriously ;
Up did he get from off his seat,
And, as he stood upon his feet,
By the two hands he held me fast,
And swore, before a month went past,
We man and wife should be ;
The cook she laughed—I nothing said,
But tittered, and held down my head.

“ And faith ! before a month went by
His words they turned out true,
For man and wife were John and I,
And gay as any other two :
A little gathering I had made,
A little more my mistress gave,
And John a cooper was by trade,
And every week a pound could save ;
And at that time, as market went,
A pound was not so quickly spent.

“ A week before our wedding day,
Poor John a little room had got ;
Our friends who saw it used to say,
That none could wish a cozier spot :
’Twas two-pair front in Aungier Street,
Near where the coachmen have their stand.
Why should I boast ?—but, on my life,
There was no struggling tradesman’s wife,
In town or country through the land,
Could show a place so neat ;
For lots of furniture we had,
Nice pictures, too, for every wall,
And I was proud, and John was glād,
To hear our taste admired by all ;
And then it was not very dear,
The rent was but five pounds a year.

“ Oh ! we were both so happy there !
And we grew happier every day ;
Upon my mind there was no care—
The table for our meals was spread,
When these were done some book I read,
Or sat and sewed, as humour led,
While John at work was far away ;
And then some friend that chance might bring,
Sat with me, and we both talked on,
Sometimes of many a foolish thing ;
We prattled till the day was gone ;
For I was giddy, young, and wild,
And simple as the simplest child.

“ A woman lived next door—her name
Was Mistress Kitty Donohoe.
When first into the house I came
I often met her on the stairs,
But didn't like her showy airs ;
But she was sprightly company,
And forced her idle chat on me
For all that I could say or do ;
On a child's errand she'd come in,
To get a needle or a pin,
Or ask what was the day about ;
And then she'd fret and blame the weather—
And sometimes slyly she'd pull out
A little flask of rum or gin,
And force me just to take a taste—
Indeed, I always drank in haste,
For still my mind was full of care
Lest John should come and get us there
Tippling away together,
But fond of Mistress Donohoe,
And fonder of the drop I grew.

“ Of visitors she had a train,
Their names 'twould take an hour to tell ;

There was Miss Mary-Anne Magrane,
And Mrs. Young, and Mrs. Lawson,
And Mrs. Jones, and Mrs. Dawson ;
And Mrs. White, from Stocking Lane,
As good a soul as e'er broke bread—
At least, so Mrs. Lawson said ;
I never knew the lady well,
But with her came Miss Jenny Bell,
And one whose name has left my head.

“ Miss Degan hurried from the Coombe,
And from the Roc' in Miss Devine—
Sometimes they over-arranged her room,
And then she showed them into mine ;
Off went the bottle to the shop,
For all these ‘ ladies ’ loved the drop.

“ With this gay set quite great I grew,
And John's poor pound so tight was
drawn,
That half the week it wouldn't do,
And then I took his things to pawn.
Trick followed trick—ill brought on ill—
I saw not where my guilt began ;
Misfortune to misfortune led—
I had some little beauty still,
And, in a weak and wicked hour,
When money over me had power,
I vilely wronged my husband's bed—
Oh ! I was false to John M'Cann.

“ And this went on twelve years and more ;
A fit of illness came at last,
And then my conscience it was sore—
It keenly paid me for the past.
Oh ! when that sickness just began,
Indeed I thought I should have died.
Poor John brought in a holy man,

Father Fitzhenry was his name,
And this old priest he often came
And prayed at my bedside ;
'Twould do you good his face to see—
He looked all peace and piety.

“To this good priest I told my shame—
I told him of my sinful life ;
He called me by my proper name—
A wicked and a worthless wife.
Oh ! the sad lesson that he gave !
Why, till I'm rotting in the grave,
I won't, I can't forget what then
He spoke of—but through life again
My thoughts, my wishes, never ran
On any but on John M'Cann.

“I promised before God in heaven
To leave my drinking, too ;
I made the promise—but, when given,
I found it would not do.
Oh ! sir, I was but up and well,
When to the drop once more I fell !
My husband saw that all was gone,
And let me for a time go on.
'Two growing boys were all we had,
And they in dirty rags were clad.
I pawned their clothes, I pawned my own,
I left poor John quite bare at last ;
My figure as a show was shown
(So poor, so naked, I had grown),
'Twas shown as through the streets I passed ;
And many laughed this end to see
Of all my former finery.

“John bore as much as man could bear,
But got at last quite tired of me ;
And, in mere madness and despair,
He bent his course across the sea.

He took my William in his care,
As good a son as son could be ;
For he was brought up to the trade,
And a smart hand he soon was made.

“ Good workmen may go anywhere—
They settled at New York, ’tis said ;
But they were not a twelvemonth there
When I got word that both were dead :
I think at first some tears I shed—
A tear or two I might let fall,
But the next *naggin* banished all.

“ Poor naked Joe, my other child,
Among the blackguards took his round,
Till one fine morning, in the street,
By great good luck he chanced to meet
A swaddling dame, all smooth and mild,
And in that dame a friend he found ;
She took him home, and he was taught
To do as tidy servants ought ;
For clothing he was at no cost—
Or food—Oh ! sir, I’d bless that dame—
But that my boy’s poor soul is lost ;
For Joe, I tell it to his shame,
At once took to the holy plan—
A prime sly swaddler he became ;
And he could whine and wheedle so,
The servants called him ‘ Holy Joe ;’
And, as he grew to be a man,
If any mentioned but my name,
I’m told he’d redden at the same ;
And still he shunned me when I’d call ;
’Twas hard—but I deserved it all.

“ Well ! to the worse at last I went—
I’ve begged for twenty years and more,
Sometimes my heart has felt content,
And sometimes been both sad and sore :

Master ! I'd be quite happy now,
 If I to yonder shop could go :
 I've but this penny left, I vow—
 And that won't get the glass, you know,
 Do, master, dear !"——I paused in vain,
 I could not let her ask again.

DIRGE OF O'SULLIVAN BEAR.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

[One of the Sullivans of Beerhaven, who went by the name of Morty Oge, fell under the vengeance of the law. He had long been a very popular character in the wild district which he inhabited, and was particularly obnoxious to the local authorities, who had good reason to suspect him of enlisting men for the Irish brigade in the French service, in which it was said he held a captain's commission. Information of his raising these "wild geese" (the name by which such recruits were known) was given by a Mr. Puxley, on whom, in consequence, O'Sullivan vowed revenge, which he executed by shooting him on Sunday while on his way to church. This called for the interposition of the higher powers, and accordingly a party of military was sent round from Cork to attack O'Sullivan's house. He was daring and well armed ; and the house was fortified, so that he made an obstinate defence. At last a confidential servant of his, named Scully, was bribed to wet the powder in the guns and pistols prepared for his defence, which rendered him powerless. He attempted to escape, but while springing over a high wall in the rear of his house, he received a mortal wound in the back. They tied his body to a boat, and dragged it in that manner through the sea from Beerhaven to Cork, where his head was cut off, and fixed on the county jail, where it remained for several years. Such is the story current among the people of Beerhaven. In the version given of it in the rude chronicle of the local occurrences of Cork, there is no mention made of Scully's perfidy ; and perhaps that circumstance might have been added by those to whom O'Sullivan was deemed a hero, in order to save his credit as much as possible. The dirge was composed by his nurse, who has made no sparing use of the peculiar energy of cursing, which the Irish language is by all allowed to possess.]

In the following song, Morty, in Irish, Muiertach, or Muirheartach, is a name very common among the old families of Ireland. It signifies *expert at sea*. Oge, or Oge, is *young*. Where a whole district is peopled, in a great measure, by a sept of one name, such distinguishing titles are necessary, and in some cases even supersede the original appellative. I-vera, or Aoi-vera, is the original name of *Beerhaven* ; Aoi, or I, signifying an *island*.]

THE sun on Ivera
 No longer shines brightly,
 The voice of her music
 No longer is sprightly ;

No more to her maidens
The light dance is dear,
Since the death of our darling
O'Sullivan Bear.

Scully ! thou false one,
You basely betrayed him,
In his strong hour of need,
When thy right hand should aid him ;
He fed thee—he clad thee—
You had all could delight thee :
You left him—you sold him—
May heaven requite thee !

Scully ! may all kinds
Of evil attend thee !
On thy dark road of life
May no kind one befriend thee !
May fevers long burn thee,
And agues long freeze thee !
May the strong hand of God
In his red anger seize thee !

Had he died calmly,
I would not deplore him ;
Or if the wild strife
Of the sea-war closed o'er him :
But with ropes round his white limbs
Through ocean to trail him,
Like a fish after slaughter—
'Tis therefore I wail him.

Long may the curse
Of his people pursue them ;
Scully, that sold him,
And soldier that slew him !
One glimpse of heaven's light
May they see never !
May the hearthstone of hell
Be their best bed for ever !

In the hole which the vile hands
Of soldiers had made thee,
Unhonour'd, unshrouded,
And headless they laid thee;
No sigh to regret thee,
No eye to rain o'er thee,
No dirge to lament thee,
No friend to deplore thee !

Dear head of my darling,
How gory and pale
These aged eyes see thee,
High spiked on their gaol !
That cheek in the summer sun
Ne'er shall grow warm;
Nor that eye e'er catch light,
But the flash of the storm.

A curse, blessed ocean,
Is on thy green water,
From the haven of Cork,
To Ivera of slaughter :
Since thy billows were dyed
With the red wounds of fear,
Of Muicertach Oge,
Our O'Sullivan Bear !

MY CONNOR.

OH ! weary's on money—and weary's on wealth,
And sure we don't want them while we have our
health;

'Twas they tempted Connor over the sea,
And I lost my lover, my *cuirle mo époróe* *

Smiling—beguiling—cheering—endearing—

Oh ! dearly I lov'd him, and he loved me.

By each other delighted—and fondly united—

My heart's in the grave with my *cuirle mo époróe*.

My Connor was handsome, good-humoured, and tall,
At hurling and dancing the best of them all ;

But when he came courting beneath our old tree,

His voice was like music—my *cuirle mo époróe*.

Smiling, &c.

So true was his heart and so artless his mind,

He could not think ill of the worst of mankind,

He went bail for his cousin who ran beyond sea,

And all his debts fell on my *cuirle mo époróe*.

Smiling, &c.

Yet still I told Connor that I'd be his bride,—

In sorrow or death not to stir from his side.

He said he could ne'er bring misfortune on me,

But sure I'd be rich with my *cuirle mo époróe*.

Smiling, &c.

The morning he left us I ne'er will forget,

Not an eye in our village but with crying was wet,

"Don't cry any more *mo iníuram*," said he,

"For I will return to my *cuirle mo époróe*."

Smiling, &c.

* Commonly written *cushla machree*, i.e., "Vein of my heart."

Sad as I felt then, hope mixed with my care,
 Alas! I have nothing left now but despair.
 His ship—it went down in the midst of the sea,
 And its wild waves roll over my *Cuirle mo éiríde*.

Smiling—beguiling—cheering—endearing—
 Oh! dearly I lov'd him and he loved me.
 By each other delighted—and fondly united—
 My heart's in the grave with my *Cuirle mo éiríde*.

THE FATE OF THE FORTIES.

BY HENRY GRATTAN CURRAN.

[The most successful stroke in the long contest for Catholic Emancipation was struck by the peasantry and Forty-shilling Freeholders of Louth, Monaghan, Waterford, and other Irish counties, who, in 1826, voted against their Tory landlords, for candidates pledged in favour of religious liberty. From that date the power of the Catholic Association was felt to be irresistible. The wrath and fear which their independence kindled in the breasts of the aristocracy was their ruin. It was at first proposed to concede Emancipation, accompanied by two "wings," as they were called, payment of the Catholic clergy, and abolition of the Forty-shilling freehold. Some of the Catholic leaders were willing for a time to assent to this ignominious contract, but public indignation speedily rendered it unsafe to do so. When Emancipation was granted, however, by the Imperial Parliament, it was immediately followed by an Act taking away the franchise from the gallant peasants who had contributed so materially to win the victory.]

AN humble peasant's fate I sing; let wealth and
 power disdain
 To praise a poor man's faithfulness, or of his wrongs
 complain;
 But withered be my heart and tongue, when I refuse
 a strain
 To men, the victims of the faith that broke a nation's
 chain.
 Hurrah for the valiant Forties*—the men of the
 olden time!

* The Forties, *i.e.* the Forty-shilling Freeholders.

We all remember, where the stream so gently turns
aside,
To spare yon hawthorn, grateful for its crown of
summer pride,
How snug the sheltered cabin stood, and rain and
storm defied,
Shielding a man whose humble trust adored the hand
that tried ;
A poor, but pious man he was—that man of the
olden time.

With ruddy cheeks around his hearth six laughing
children stood,
And kindly turned that old man's eye on his own flesh
and blood.
His daily labour won for them a home, and clothes,
and food—
And, as they broke their daily bread, he taught them
Heaven was good,
And bade them eat in thankfulness—good man of
the olden time.

But when election time was come, who then too rich
or grand
To crown that humble peasant's floor, to seize his
rugged hand,
To ask his vote and interest, and swear like him to
stand,
And peril life and liberty for faith and father-
land?
For he was “a real staunch Forty”—the pride of
the olden time.

But times were changed ; the fight was fought ; the
struggle overpast,
And lost the power the Forties used so bravely to the
last ;

Like broken swords those dauntless men aside were
falsely cast ;
That hearth was quenched, that cabin's wall in ruin
strewed the blast ;
And where is he—the Forty—the heart of the olden
time ?

Now sickness grows on want, the hedge a shelter
rude affords ;
Poor broken man ! his madness raves in Freedom's
thrilling words—
“ ‘ Who would be free ? ’—Awake !—Arise !—‘ We'll
cast away their cords ;’
“ We're poor, but not in spirit,—we have hearts as big
as lords ;
“ For are we not the Forties ? ”—ah ! he thinks 'tis
the olden time.

They wept not when the mortal cloud came down
upon that eye ;
They wept not when cold death had hushed his
children's hungry cry ;
But looked upon the damp bare earth, and to the
naked sky,
And muttered—“ To the poor it is a blessed thing to
die ; ”
For they, too, had been Forties—the pride of the
olden time.

CASHEL OF MUNSTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

I'd wed you without herds, without money, or rich
 array,
 And I'd wed you on a dewy morning at day-dawn
 grey ;
 My bitter woe it is, love, that we are not far away
 In Cashel town, though the bare deal board were our
 marriage bed this day !

Oh, fair maid, remember the green hill-side,
 Remember how I hunted about the valleys wide.
 Time now has worn me ; my locks are turned to
 grey,
 Thé year is scarce and I am poor, but send me not,
 love, away !

Oh, deem not my blood is of base stain, my girl,
 Oh, think not my birth was as the birth of the churl ;
 Marry me, and prove me, and say soon you will,
 That noble blood is written on my right side still !

My purse holds no red gold, no coin of the silver
 white,
 No herds are mine to drive through the long twilight,
 But the pretty girl that would take me, all bare though
 I be and lone,
 Oh, I'd take her with me kindly to the county Tyrone.

Oh, my girl, I can see 'tis in trouble you are,
 And, oh, my girl, I see 'tis your people's reproach you
 bear.
 I am a girl in trouble for his sake with whom I fly,
 And, oh, may no other maiden know such reproach as I.

THE LADY OF ALBANY'S LAMENT FOR KING CHARLES.

A JACOBITE RELIC, TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

I'LL not reveal my true-love's name ;
 Betimes 'twill swell the voice of fame—
 But, O ! may heaven, my grief to quell,
 Restore the hero safe and well !
 My hero brave, *ma ghile, m'fhear* ;*
 My kindred love, *ma ghile, m'fhear* ;
 What wringing woes my bosom knows,
 Since crossed the seas *ma ghile, m'fhear*.

His glancing eyes I may compare
 To diamond dew on rosebuds rare—
 And love and valour brighten o'er
 The features of my bosom's store ;
 My hero brave, &c.

No cuckoo's note by fell or flood,
 No hunter's cry through hazel wood,
 Nor mist-wrapt valley yields me joy,
 Since crossed the seas my royal boy.
 My hero brave, &c.

Oppressed with grief, I hourly cry,
 With bursting heart and tearful eye—
 Since we did thee, fair youth, resign
 For distant shores, what woes are mine ?
 My hero brave, &c.

* *ma ghile m'fhear*, my brightness (of my heart) is my husband.
 The English reader will pronounce the Irish here as if written *magilli mar*.

The sun his golden glory shrouds
In mantle sad of sable clouds ;
The threat'ning sky of grief portends,
Since through far realms our lion wends !
My hero brave, &c.

That haughty, noble, youthful knight,
Of feature bland—of spirit light—
Strong-handed, swift, in wars' wild throng,
To chase to death the brave and strong !
My hero brave, &c.

His wreathed hair, in graceful flow
Of ringlet rare, falls full below
His manly waist, in yellow fold,
Like silken threads of curling gold !
My hero brave, &c.

Like Aongus Oge he bears command,
Or Louis of the trenchant brand,
Or Daire's son, the great Conroy—
Brave Irish chiefs, my royal boy !
My hero brave, &c.

Or Conall, who strong ramparts won,
Or Fergus, regal Rogia's son ;
Or Conor, Ulad's glorious king,
Whom harp-strings praise and poets sing—
My hero brave, &c.

Wake, wake, the wild harp's wildest sound,
Send sparkling flagons flowing round—
Fill high the wine-cup's tide of joy—
This health to thee, my royal boy !
My hero brave, *ma ghile, m'fhear*,
My kindred love, *ma ghile, m'fhear* ;
What wringing woes my bosom knows,
Since crossed the seas, *ma ghile, m'fhear*.

THE CLAN OF MACCAURA.*

BY D. F. MAC-CARTHY.

OH ! bright are the names of the chieftains and sages,
 That shine like the stars through the darkness of ages,
 Whose deeds are inscribed on the pages of story,
 There for ever to live in the sunshine of glory—
 Heroes of history, phantoms of fable,
 Charlemagne's champions, and Arthur's Round Table,
 Oh ! but they all a new lustre could borrow
 From the glory that hangs round the name of Mac-
 Caura.

Thy waves, Manzanares, wash many a shrine,
 And proud are the castles that frown o'er the Rhine,
 And stately the mansions whose pinnacles glance
 Through the elms of old England and vineyards of
 France ;
 Many have fallen, and many will fall—
 Good men and brave men have dwelt in them all—
 But as good and as brave men, in gladness and
 sorrow,
 Have dwelt in the halls of the princely MacCaura !

Montmorency, Medina, unheard was thy rank
 By the dark-eyed Iberian and light-hearted Frank,
 And your ancestors wandered, obscure and unknown,
 By the smooth Gaudalquiver and sunny Garonne—
 Ere Venice had wedded the sea, or enrolled
 The name of a Doge in her proud "Book of Gold;"†

* MacCarthy—MacCartha (the correct way of spelling the name in Roman characters) is pronounced in Irish MacCaura, the *th* or dotted *t* having, in that language, the soft sound of *h*.

† *Montmorency* and *Medina* are respectively at the head of the French and Spanish nobility.—The first Doge elected in Venice in 709. Voltaire considered the families whose names were inscribed in the *The Book of Gold* at the founding of the city as entitled to the first place in European nobility.—*Burke's Commoners*.

When her glory was all to come on like the morrow,
There were chieftains and kings of the clan of Mac-
Caura.

Proud should thy heart beat, descendant of Heber,*
Lofty thy head as the shrines of the Guebre,
Like *them* are the halls of thy forefathers shattered,
Like *theirs* is the wealth of thy palaces scattered.
Their fire is extinguished—*your* flag long unfurled—
But how proud were ye both in the dawn of the world!
And should both fade away, oh! what heart would
not sorrow
O'er the towers of the Guebre—the name of MacCaura!

What a moment of glory to cherish and dream on,
When far o'er the sea came the ships of Heremon,
With Heber, and Ir, and the Spanish patricians,
To free Inis-Fail from the spells of magicians.
Oh! reason had these for their quaking and pallor,
For what magic can equal the strong sword of valour?
Better than spells are the axe and the arrow,
When wielded or flung by the hand of MacCaura!†

From that hour a MacCaura had reigned in his pride
O'er Desmond's green valleys and rivers so wide,
From thy waters, Lismore, to the torrents and rills
That are leaping for ever down Brandon's brown hills—
The billows of Bantry, the meadows of Bear,
The wilds of Evaugh, and the groves of Glancare—
From the Shannon's soft shores to the banks of the
Barrow—
All owned the proud sway of the princely MacCaura!

* The MacCarthys trace their origin to Heber Fionn, the eldest son of Milesius, King of Spain, through Ollioll Ollum, King of Munster, in the third century. Shrines of the Guebre, the Round Towers.

† Heremon and Ir were also the sons of Milesius. The people who were in possession of the country when the Milesians invaded it were the Tuatha de Danans, so called, says Keating, "from their skill in necromancy, of whom some were so famous as to be called gods."

In the house of Miodchuart,* by princes surrounded,
 How noble his step when the trumpet was sounded,
 And his clansmen bore proudly his broad shield before
 him,
 And hung it on high in that bright palace o'er him !
 On the left of the monarch the chieftain was seated,
 And happy was he whom his proud glances greeted,
 'Mid monarchs and chiefs at the great Feis of Tara—
 Oh ! none was to rival the princely MacCaura !

To the halls of the Red Branch, when conquest was
 o'er,
 The champions their rich spoils of victory bore,†
 And the sword of the Briton, the shield of the Dane,
 Flashed bright as the sun on the walls of Eamhain—
 There Dathy and Niall bore trophies of war,
 From the peaks of the Alps and the waves of the
 Loire ;‡
 But no knight ever bore from the hills of Ivaragh
 The breastplate or axe of a conquered MacCaura !

In chasing the red deer what step was the fleetest,
 In singing the love-song what voice was the sweetest,
 What breast was the foremost in courting the danger—
 What door was the widest to shelter the stranger ?
 In friendship the truest, in battle the bravest—
 In revel the gayest, in council the gravest—
 A hunter to-day and a victor to-morrow—
 Oh ! who but a chief of the princely MacCaura !

* The house of *Miodchuart* was an apartment in the palace of Tara, where the provincial kings met for the dispatch of public business, as the Feis (pronounced as one syllable), or parliament of Tara, which assembled then once in every three years. The ceremony alluded to is described in detail by Keating.—See Petrie's *Tara*.

† The house of the Red Branch was situated in the stately palace of Eamhain (or Emania), in Ulster; here the spoils taken from the foreign foe were hung up, and the chieftains who won them were called Knights of the Red Branch.

‡ Dathy was killed at the foot of the Alps by lightning, and Niall (his uncle and predecessor) by an arrow fired from the opposite side of the river, by one of his own generals as he sat in his tent on the banks of the Loire, in France.

But, oh ! proud MacCaura, what anguish to touch on
 The one fatal stain of thy princely escutcheon—
 In thy story's bright garden the one spot of bleakness—
 Through ages of valour the one hour of weakness !
Thou, the heir of a thousand chiefs, sceptred and
 royal !

Thou, to kneel to the Norman and swear to be
 loyal !

Oh ! a long night of horror, and outrage, and sorrow,
 Have we wept for thy treason, base Diarmid Mac-
 Caura !

Oh ! why, ere you thus to the foreigner pandered,
 Did you not call bravely round your Emerald
 standard,

The chiefs of your house of Lough Lene and Clan
 Awley,

O'Donogh, MacPatrick, O'Driscoll, MacAwley,
 O'Sullivan More, from the towers of Dunkerron,
 And O'Mahon, the chieftain of green Ardinterran?
 As the sling sends the stone, or the bent bow the
 arrow,

Every chief would have come at the call of MacCaura.

Soon, soon, didst thou pay for that error in woe—*

Thy life to the Butler—thy crown to the foe—

Thy castles dismantled, and strewn on the sod—

And the homes of the weak, and the abbeys of God !

No more in thy halls is the wayfarer fed—

Nor the rich mead sent round, nor the soft heather
 spread—

Nor the *clarsech's* sweet notes, now in mirth, now in
 sorrow—

All, all have gone by, but the name of MacCaura !

* Diarmid MacCarthy, king of Desmond, and Daniel O'Brien, king of Thomond, were the first of the Irish princes to swear fealty to Henry the Second.

MacCaura, the pride of thy house is gone by,
But its name cannot fade, and its fame cannot die—
Though the Arigideen, with its silver waves, shine*
Around no green forests or castles of thine—
Though the shrines that you founded no incense doth
 hallow,
Nor hymns float in peace down the echoing Allo—
One treasure thou keepest—one hope for the morrow—
True hearts yet beat of the clan of MacCaura!

WILLY GILLILAND.

AN ULSTER BALLAD.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

UP in the mountain solitudes, and in a rebel ring,
He has worshipped God upon the hill, in spite of
 Church and King,
And sealed his treason with his blood on Bothwell
 bridge, he hath ;
So he must fly his father's land, or he must die the
 death ;
For comely Claverhouse has come along with grim
 Dalzell,
And his smoking rooftree testifies they've done their
 errand well.

In vain to fly his enemies he fled his native land ;
Hot persecution waited him upon the Carrick strand ;
His name was on the Carrick cross, a price was on
 his head,
A fortune to the man that brings him in alive or dead !

* The *Arigideen* means the little silver stream, and *Allo* the echoing river. By these rivers, and many others in the south of Ireland, castles were erected and monasteries founded by the MacCarthys.

And so on moor and mountain, from the Lagan to the
Bann,
From house to house and hill to hill, he lurked an
outlawed man.

At last, when in false company he might no longer
bide,
He staid his houseless wanderings upon the Collon
side ;
There in a cave all underground he laired his heathy
den—
Ah, many a gentleman was fain to earth like hill-fox
then !
With hound and fishing-rod he lived on hill and
stream, by day,
At night, betwixt his fleet greyhound and his bonny
mare he lay.

It was a summer evening, and mellowing and still,
Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill,
For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor
tree,
But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight
to see,
From Slemmish foot to Collon top lay one unbroken
green,
Save where, in many a silver coil, the river glanced
between.

And on the river's grassy bank, even from the morn-
ing grey,
He at the angler's pleasant sport had spent the summer
day :
Ah ! many a time and oft I've spent the summer
day from dawn,
And wondered, when the sunset came, where time
and care had gone—
Along the reaches curling fresh, the wimpling pools
and streams,
Where he that day his cares forgot in those delightful
dreams.

His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested
now,
And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from
his brow ;
And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon
the sod,
He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of
God ;
And for a persecuted kirk, and for her martyrs
dear,
And against a godless Church and king he spoke up
loud and clear.

And now upon his homeward way, he crossed the
Collon high,
And over bush, and bank, and brae, he sent abroad
his eye ;
But all was darkening peacefully in grey and purple
haze,
The thrush was silent in the banks, the lark upon the
braes—
When suddenly shot up a blaze—from the cave's
mouth it came,
And troopers' steeds and troopers' caps are glancing
in the same !

He crouched among the heather, and he saw them, as
he lay,
With three long yells at parting, ride lightly east
away ;
Then down with heavy heart he came, to sorry cheer
came he,
For ashes black were crackling where the green whins
used to be,
And stretched among the prickly coomb, his heart's
blood smoking round,
From slender nose to breast-bone cleft, lay dead his
good greyhound !

“They’ve slain my dog, the Philistines ! they’ve ta’en
my bonny mare !”—

He plunged into the smoky hole—no bonny beast
was there ;

He groped beneath his burning bed (it burned him
to the bone),

Where his good weapon used to be, but broadsword
there was none ;

He reeled out of the stifling den, and sat down on a
stone,

And in the shadows of the night ’twas thus he made
his moan—

“I am a houseless outcast ; I have neither bed nor board,
Nor living thing to look upon, nor comfort save the
Lord.

Yet many a time were better men in worse extremity ;
Who succoured them in their distress, He now will
succour me ;

He now will succour me, I know : and, by His holy
name,

I’ll make the doers of this deed right dearly rue the
same !

“My bonny mare ! I’ve ridden you when Claver’s e
rode behind,

And from the thumbscrew and the boot you bore me
like the wind ;

And while I have the life you saved, on your sleek
flank, I swear

Episcopalian rowel shall never ruffle hair !

Though sword to wield they’ve left me none—yet
Wallace wight, I wis,

Good battle did on Irvine’s side wi’ waur weapon
than this.”

His fishing-rod with both his hands he griped it as
he spoke,

And, where the butt and top were spliced, in pieces
twain he broke ;

The limber top he cast away, with all its gear,
abroad,
But, grasping the tough hickory butt, with spike of
iron shod,
He ground the sharp spear to a point ; then pulled
his bonnet down,
And, meditating black revenge, set forth for Carrick
town.

The sun shines bright on Carrick wall, and Carrick
Castle grey,
And up thine aisle, Saint Nicholas, has ta'en his
morning way ;
And to the North-gate sentinel displayeth far and
near
Sea, hill, and tower, and all thereon, in dewy freshness
clear,
Save where, behind a ruined wall, himself alone to
view,
Is peering from the ivy-green a bonnet of the blue.

The sun shines red on Carrick wall, and Carrick
Castle old,
And all the western buttresses have changed their
grey for gold ;
And from thy shrine, Saint Nicholas ! the pilgrim of
the sky
Hath gone in rich farewell, as fits such royal
votary ;
But, as his last red glance he takes down past black
Slieve-a-true
He leaveth where he found it first, the bonnet of the
blue.

Again he makes the turrets grey stand out before the
hill,
Constant as their foundation rock, there is the bonnet
still !

And now the gates are opened, and forth in gallant
show
Prick jeering grooms and burghers blythe, and troopers
in a row;
But one has little care for jest, so hard bested is he
To ride the outlaw's bonny mare, for this at last is
she!

Down comes her master with a roar, her rider with a
groan,
The iron and the hickory are through and through
him gone!
He lies a corpse; and where he sat, the outlaw sits
again,
And once more to his bonny mare he gives the spur
and rein;
Then some with sword, and some with gun, they ride
and run amain;
But sword and gun, and whip and spur, that day
they plied in vain!

Ah! little thought Willy Gilliland, when he on Skerry
side
Drew bridle first, and wiped his brow after that weary
ride,
That where he lay, like hunted brute, a cavern'd
outlaw lone,
Broad lands and yeoman tenantry should yet be there
his own;
Yet so it was; and still from him descendants not a
few
Draw birth and lands, and, let me trust, draw love of
Freedom too

THE DESMOND.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

[Thomas, the heir of the Desmond family, had accidentally been so engaged in the chase, that he was benighted near Tralee, and obliged to take shelter at the Abbey of Feal, in the house of one of his dependants, called MacCormac: Catherine, a beautiful daughter of his host, instantly inspired the Earl with a violent passion, which he could not subdue. He married her, and by this inferior alliance alienated his followers, whose pride regarded this indulgence of his love as an unpardonable degradation of his family.—*Leland*, vol. ii.]

By the Feal's wave benighted,
No star in the skies,
To thy door by love lighted,
I first saw those eyes.
Some voice whispered o'er me,
As the threshold I crost,
There was ruin before me—
If I lov'd I was lost.

Love came, and brought sorrow
Too soon in his train;
Yet so sweet, that to-morrow
'Twere welcome again.
Though misery's full measure
My portion should be,
I would drain it with pleasure,
If pour'd out by thee.

You, who call it dishonour
To bow to this flame,
If you've eyes, look but on her,
And blush while you blame.
Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?

No—man for his glory
 To ancestry flies ;
 But woman's bright story
 Is told in her eyes.
 While the monarch thus traces
 Through mortals his line,
 Beauty, born of the Graces,
 Ranks next to divine !

O'BRIEN OF ARA.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—“*The Piper of Blessington.*”

[Ara is a small mountain track, south of Lough Deargairt, and north of the Camailte (*vulgo* the Keeper) hills. It was the seat of a branch of the Thomond princes, called the O'Briens of Ara, who held an important place in the Munster Annals.]

TALL are the towers of O'Kennedy—
 Broad are the lands of MacCarha—
 Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day ;
 Yet, here's to O'Brien of Ara !
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Clansman and kinsman are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

See you the mountains look huge at eve—
 So is our chieftain in battle—
 Welcome he has for the fugitive,
 Usquebaugh, fighting, and cattle !
 Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
 Down from the top of Camailte,
 Gossip and ally are coming here
 To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

Horses the valleys are tramping on,
Sleek from the Sasanach manger—
Creaghts the hills are encamping on,
Empty the bawns of the stranger !
Up from the castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
Kern and bonaght are coming here
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

He has black silver from Killaloe—
Ryan and Carroll are neighbours—
Nenagh submits with a pillileu—
Butler is meat for our sabres !
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
Ryan and Carroll are coming here
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

'Tis scarce a week since through Ossory
Chased he the Baron of Durrow—
Forced him five rivers to cross, or he
Had died by the sword of Red Murrough !
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
All the O'Briens are coming here
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

Tall are the towers of O'Kennedy—
Broad are the lands of MacCarha—
Desmond feeds five hundred men a-day ;
Yet, here's to O'Brien of Ara !
Up from the Castle of Drumineer,
Down from the top of Camailte,
Clansman and kinsman are coming here
To give him the CEAD MILE FAILTE.

THE IRISH MOTHER IN THE PENAL DAYS.

BY JOHN BANIM.

Now welcome, welcome, baby-boy, unto a mother's
fears,
The pleasure of her sufferings, the rainbow of her
tears,
The object of your father's hope, in all the hopes to
do,
A future man of his own land, to live him o'er anew !

How fondly on thy little brow a mother's eye would
trace,
And in thy little limbs, and in each feature of thy
face,
His beauty, worth, and manliness, and everything
that's his,
Except, my boy, the answering mark of where the
fetter is !

Oh ! many a weary hundred years his sires that fetter
wore,
And he has worn it since the day that him his mother
bore ;
And now, my son, it waits on you, the moment you
are born,
The old hereditary badge of suffering and scorn !

Alas, my boy so beautiful !—alas, my love so brave !
And must your gallant Irish limbs still drag it to the
grave ?
And you, my son, yet have a son, freedom'd a slave to
be,
Whose mother still must weep o'er him the tears I
weep o'er thee !

THE MINSTREL'S WALK.

BY REV. JAMES WILLS.

Author of "Lives of Illustrious Irishmen."

(To the old Irish air of "*Bidh mid a gol sa poga namban.*")

GREEN hills of the West, where I carolled along,
In the May-day of life, with my harp and my song,
Though the winter of time o'er my spirit hath roll'd,
And the steps of the minstrel are weary and old;
Though no more by those famous old haunts shall I
stray—

Once the themes of my song, and the guides of my
way,
That each had its story, and true-hearted friend—
Before I forget ye, life's journey shall end.

Oh ! 'twas joy in the prime of life's morning to go
On the path where Clan Connell once followed Hugh
Roe,

O'er the hill of Ceisicorran, renowned Ballymote,
By the Boyle, or by Newport, all passes of note,
Where the foe their vain armaments haughtily kept ;
But the foot of th' avenger went by while they slept—
The hills told no tale—but the night-cloud was red,
And the friends of the Sasanach quaked at their
tread.

By the plains of Rath Croghan, fields famous of yore,
Though stronghold and seat of the kingly no more ;
By Tulsk and Tomona, hill, valley, and plain,
To grey Ballintubber, O'Connor's domain ;
Then ages rolled backward in lengthened array,
In song and old story, the long summer day ;
And cloud-like, the glories of Connaught rolled by,
Till they sank in the horrors of grim Athenry !

Through the heaths of Kiltullagh, kind, simple, though
rude,
To Aeluin's bright waters, where Willsborough stood,
Ballinlough then spoke welcome from many a door,
Where smiles lit kind faces that now smile no more :
Then away to the Moyne, o'er the Moors of Mayo,
Still onward, still welcomed by high and by low—
Blake, Burke, and O'Malley, Lynch, Kirwan and
Browne;
By forest, lake, mountain, through village and town.

And kind were the voices that greeted my way—
'Twas *cead mile failte* at closing of day,
When young hearts beat lightly, and labour was done,
For joy tracked my steps as light follows the sun ;
Then tales pleased the hamlet, and news cheered the
hall,
And the tune of old times was still welcome to all ;
The praise of thy glory, dear Land of the West—
But thy praises are still, and thy kind bosoms rest.

My blessing rest with you, dear friends, though no
more
Shall the poor and the weary rejoice at your door ;
Though like stars to your homes I have seen you depart,
Still ye live, O ye live in each vein of my heart !
Still the light of your looks on my darkness is thrown ;
Still your voices breathe round me when weary and
lone ;
Like shades ye come back with each feeling old
strain—
But the world shall ne'er look on your equals again.

GOUGAUNE BARRA.

BY J. J. CALLANAN.

[The Lake of Gougaune Barra, *i. e.*, the hollow or recess of St. Finn Bar, in the rugged territory of Ibh-Laoghair (the O'Leary's country), in the west end of the county of Cork, is the parent of the river Lee. Its waters embrace a small but verdant island, of about half an acre in extent, which approaches its eastern shore. The lake, as its name implies, is situate in a deep hollow, surrounded on every side (save the east, where its superabundant waters are discharged) by vast and almost perpendicular mountains, whose dark inverted shadows are gloomily reflected in its still waters beneath. The names of those mountains are *Dereen* (the little oak wood), where not a tree now remains; *Maolagh*, which signifies a country, a region, a map—perhaps so called from the wide prospect which it affords; *Nad an' uillar*, the Eagle's Nest; and *Failte na Gougane*, *i. e.*, the cliffs of Gougaune, with its steep and frowning precipices, the home of an hundred echoes.]

THERE is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow ;
In deep-valley'd Desmond—a thousand wild foun-
tains

Come down to that lake, from their home in the
mountains.

There grows the wild ash, and a time-stricken
willow

Looks chidingly down on the mirth of the billow ;
As, like some gay child, that sad monitor scorning,
It lightly laughs back to the laugh of the morning.

And its zone of dark hills—oh ! to see them all
bright'ning,

When the tempest flings out its red banner of light-
ning,

And the waters rush down, 'mid the thunder's deep
rattle,

Like clans from their hills at the voice of the battle ;

And brightly the fire-crested billows are gleaming,

And wildly from Mullagh the eagles are screaming.

Oh ! where is the dwelling in valley or highland,

So meet for a bard as this lone little island ?

How oft when the summer sun rested on Clara,
And lit the dark heath on the hills of Ivera,
Have I sought thee, sweet spot, from my home by the
ocean,
And trod all thy wilds with a minstrel's devotion,
And thought of thy bards, when assembling together,
In the cleft of thy rocks, or the depth of thy heather ;
They fled from the Saxon's dark bondage and
slaughter,
And waked their last song by the rush of thy water.

High sons of the lyre, oh! how proud was the feeling,
To think while alone through that solitude stealing,
Though loftier Minstrels green Erin can number,
I only awoke your wild harp from its slumber,
And mingled once more with the voice of those
fountains

The songs even echo forgot on her mountains;
And glean'd each grey legend, that darkly was sleeping
Where the mist and the rain o'er their beauty were
creeping.

Least bard of the hills ! were it mine to inherit
The fire of thy harp, and the wing of thy spirit,
With the wrongs which like thee to our country have
bound me,
Did your mantle of song fling its radiance around me,
Still, still in those wilds might young liberty rally,
And send her strong shout over mountain and valley,
The star of the west might yet rise in its glory,
And the land that was darkest be brightest in story.

I too shall be gone;—but my name shall be spoken
When Erin awakes, and her fetters are broken;
Some Minstrel will come, in the summer eve's gleaming,
When Freedom's young light on his spirit is beaming,
And bend o'er my grave with a tear of emotion,
Where calm Avon-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,
Or plant a wild wreath, from the banks of that river,
O'er the heart and the harp that are sleeping for ever.

THE BATTLE OF CALLAN.*

A.D. 1261.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

FITZ-THOMAS went forth to the slaughter all burning,
And the dame by Tra-leigh waits the robber's
returning,
With the deep-lowing *creach*,† with the rich plunder
laden—
The altar's best gold, the rare pearls of the maiden !

Winding down by the Ruachta his lances were
gleaming ;
Floating, wild as a meteor, his banners were streaming ;
He rode with the spoils of all Desmond around him,
But the wrath of the Gael, in its red vengeance,
found him !

More swift than the eagle from Skellig's high eyrie,
Than whirlwinds of Corrin in hostings of Faëry—
Dark as storm o'er Dun-Mor to the ocean-tir'd toiler,
Burst MacCarthy's fierce wrath on the path of the
spoiler !

O'Sullivan Mor, of the mountain and valley,
O'Connor, the chief of the tall-masted galley,
O'Driscoll, the scourge of the *Sasanach* sailor,
Left Cogan's proud daughter a desolate wailer.

* During the administration of William Den, Lord Justice of Ireland, the MacCarties entered Desmond, and by means of an ambuscade surprised and slew John Fitz-Thomas, ancestor to the Fitz-Geralds, and his son, Maurice, at Glanorought, in this county (Kerry), which defeat so reduced the Fitz-Geralds, that none of that name durst put a plough into ground for twelve years, until dissensions arising among the Irish chiefs, the Fitz-Geralds recovered their former authority.—*Smith's History of the County of Kerry*, p. 235.

† *Creach*—Spoils of cattle.

For him that hath none from the gaunt wolf to save
him,
To staunch the wide wound that the fierce clansman
gave him,
To weep the lost chief, with his battle-shield riven,
Cloven down by the war axe, unhousell'd, un-
shriven!

With the blood of the Rievers, that rode to the
foray,
From Maing to Moyalla the kirtles are gory—
The saffron-dy'd shirts, by the Cashin and Carrow,
Claim thy care at the fountain, fair maiden, to-
morrow!

Chant the deeds of the warriors in chivalry vieing—
The doom of the Rievers, all prostrate or flying—
The false Saxon's fear—as rejoicing thou lavest
The blood-gouts that burst from the breasts of his
bravest!

THE SORROWFUL LAMENTATION OF CAL-
LAGHAN, GREALLY, AND MULLEN,

KILLED AT THE FAIR OF TURLOUGHMORE.

A STREET BALLAD.

[This is a genuine ballad of the people, written and sung among them. The reader will see at once how little resemblance it bears to the *pseudo* Irish songs of the stage, or even to the street ballads manufactured by the ballad singers. It is very touching, and not without a certain unpremeditated grace. The vagueness, which leaves entirely untold the story it undertook to recount, is a common characteristic of the Anglo-Irish songs of the people. The circumstance on which it is founded took place in 1843, at the fair of Darrynacloughery, held at Turloughmore. A faction-fight having occurred at the fair, the arrest of some of the parties led to an attack on the police — after the attack had abated or ceased, the police fired on the people, wounded several, and killed the three men whose names stand at the head of the ballad. They were indicted for murder, and pleaded the order of Mr. Brew, the stipendary magistrate, which was admitted as a justification. Brew died before the day appointed for his trial.]

“COME tell me, dearest mother, what makes my father
stay,
Or what can be the reason that he’s so long away?”
“Oh! hold your tongue, my darling son, your tears
do grieve me sore,
I fear he has been murdered in the fair of Turlough-
more.”

Come, all you tender Christians, I hope you will draw
near,
It’s of this dreadful murder I mean to let you hear,
Concerning those poor people whose loss we do
deplore—
(The Lord have mercy on their souls) that died at
Turloughmore.

It is on the First of August, the truth I will declare,
Those people they assembled that day all at the fair ;
But little was their notion what evil was in store,
All by the bloody Peelers at the fair of Turloughmore.

Were you to see that dreadful sight it would grieve
your heart I know,
To see the comely women and the men all lying low ;
God help their tender parents, they will never see
them more,
For cruel was their murder at the fair of Turlough-
more.

It's for that base blood-thirsty crew, remark the word
I say,
The Lord he will reward them against the judgment-
day,
The blood they have taken innocent for it they'll
suffer sore,
And the treatment that they gave to us that day at
Turloughmore.

The morning of their trial as they stood up in the dock,
The words they spoke were feeling, the people round
them flock,
“ I tell you, Judge and Jury, the truth I will declare,
It was Brew that ordered us to fire that evening at
the fair.”

Now to conclude and finish this sad and doleful fray,
I hope their souls are happy against the judgment-day ;
It was little time they got, we know, when they fell
like new-mowed hay,
May the Lord have mercy on their souls against the
judgment-day.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.*

AN IRISH LEGEND.

BY GERALD GRIFFIN.

THE joy-bells are ringing
In gay Malahide,
The fresh wind is singing
Along the sea-side ;
The maids are assembling
With garlands of flowers,
And the harpstrings are trembling
In all the glad bowers.

Swell, swell the gay measure !
Roll trumpet and drum !
'Mid greetings of pleasure
In splendour they come !
The chancel is ready,
The portal stands wide
For the lord and the lady,
The bridegroom and bride.

What years, ere the latter
Of earthly delight,
The future shall scatter
O'er them in its flight !
What blissful caresses
Shall fortune bestow,
Ere those dark-flowing tresses
Fall white as the snow !

Before the high altar
Young Maud stands array'd,
With accents that falter
Her promise is made—

* See Note B in the Appendix.

From father and mother
For ever to part,
For him and no other
To treasure her heart.

The words are repeated,
The bridal is done,
The rite is completed—
The two, they are one ;
The vow, it is spoken
All pure from the heart,
That must not be broken
Till life shall depart.

Hark ! 'mid the gay clangour
That compass'd their car.
Loud accents in anger
Come mingling afar !
The foe's on the border,
His weapons resound
Where the lines in disorder
Unguarded are found.

As wakes the good shepherd
The watchful and bold,
When the ounce or the leopard
Is seen in the fold,
So rises already
The chief in his mail,
While the new-married lady
Looks fainting and pale.

“Son, husband, and brother,
Arise to the strife,
For the sister and mother,
For children and wife !
O'er hill and o'er hollow,
O'er mountain and plain,
Up, true men, and follow !
Let dastards remain !”

Farrah ! to the battle !
They form into line—
The shields, how they rattle !
The spears, how they shine !
Soon, soon, shall the foeman
His treachery rue—
On, burgher and yeoman,
To die or to do !

The eve is declining
In lone Malahide,
The maidens are twining
Gay wreaths for the bride !
She marks them unheeding—
Her heart is afar,
Where the clansmen are bleeding
For her in the war.

Hark ! loud from the mountain
'Tis Victory's cry !
O'er woodland and fountain
It rings to the sky !
The foe has retreated !
He flies to the shore ;
The spoiler's defeated—
The combat is o'er !

With foreheads unruffled
The conquerors come—
But why have they muffled
The lance and the drum ?
What form do they carry
Aloft on his shield ?
And where does he tarry,
The lord of the field ?

Ye saw him at morning
How gallant and gay !
In bridal adorning,
The star of the day :

Now weep for the lover—
His triumph is sped,
His hope it is over!
The chieftain is dead!

But Oh, for the maiden
Who mourns for that chief,
With heart overladen
And rending with grief!
She sinks on the meadow
In one morning-tide,
A wife and a widow,
A maid and a bride!

Ye maidens attending,
Forbear to condole!
Your comfort is rending
The depths of her soul.
True—true, 'twas a story
For ages of pride;
He died in his glory—
But, oh, he *has* died!

The war-cloak she raises
All mournfully now,
And steadfastly gazes
Upon the cold brow.
That glance may for ever
Unalter'd remain,
But the bridegroom will never
Return it again.

The dead-bells are tolling
In sad Malahide,
The death-wail is rolling
Along the sea-side;
The crowds, heavy-hearted,
Withdraw from the green,
For the sun has departed
That brighten'd the scene!

Even yet in that valley,
Though years have roll'd by,
When through the wild sally
The sea-breezes sigh,
The peasant, with sorrow,
Beholds in the shade
The tomb where the morrow
Saw Hussey convey'd.

How scant was the warning,
How briefly reveal'd,
Before on that morning
Death's chalice was fill'd!
The hero who drunk it
There moulders in gloom,
And the form of Maud Plunket
Weeps over his tomb.

The stranger who wanders
Along the lone vale
Still sighs while he ponders
On that heavy tale:]
"Thus passes each pleasure
That earth can supply—
Thus joy has its measure—
We live but to die!"

THE FAIR HILLS OF IRELAND.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

A PLENTIOUS place is Ireland for hospitable cheer,
Uileacan dubh O !
Where the wholesome fruit is bursting from the
yellow barley ear ;
Uileacan dubh O !
There is honey in the trees where her misty vales
expand,
And her forest paths in summer are by falling waters
fanned ;
There is dew at high noontide there, and springs i' the
yellow sand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Curled he is and ringleted, and plaited to the
knee,
Uileacan dubh O !
Each captain who comes sailing across the Irish
sea ;
Uileacan dubh O !
And I will make my journey, if life and health but
stand,
Unto that pleasant country, that fresh and fragrant
strand,
And leave your boasted braveries, your wealth and
high command,
For the fair hills of holy Ireland.

Large and profitable are the stacks upon the ground ;
Uileacan dudh O !
The butter and the cream do wondrously abound,
Uileacan dubh O !

The cresses on the water and the sorrels are at hand,
And the cuckoo's calling daily his note of music
 bland,
And the bold thrush sings so bravely his song i' the
 forests grand,
On the fair hills of holy Ireland.

THE FLOWER OF FINAE.

A BRIGADE BALLAD.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

BRIGHT red is the sun on the waves of Lough Sheelin,
A cool gentle breeze from the mountain is stealing,
While fair round its islets the small ripples play,
But fairer than all is the Flower of Finae.

Her hair is like night, and her eyes like grey morning,
She trips on the heather as if its touch scorning,
Yet her heart and her lips are as mild as May day,
Sweet Eily MacMahon, the Flower of Finae.

But who down the hill-side than red deer runs fleeter?
And who on the lake side is hastening to greet her?
Who but Fergus O'Farrell, the fiery and gay,
The darling and pride of the Flower of Finae.

One kiss and one clasp, and one wild look of gladness;
Ah! why do they change on a sudden to sadness—
He has told his hard fortune, nor more he can stay,
He must leave his poor Eily to pine at Finae.

For Fergus O'Farrell was true to his sire-land,
And the dark hand of tyranny drove him from Ireland;
He joins the Brigade, in the wars far away,
But he vows he'll come back to the Flower of Finae.

He fought at Cremona—she hears of his story :
He fought at Cassano—she's proud of his glory,
Yet sadly she sings "Shule Aroon" all the day,
"Oh, come, come, my darling, come home to F'inae."

Eight long years have pass'd, till she's nigh broken-
hearted,
Her "reel," and her "rock," and her "flax," she has
parted ;
She sails with the "Wild Geese" to Flanders away,
And leaves her sad parents alone in F'inae.

Lord Clare on the field of Ramilies is charging—
Before him the Sasanach squadrons enlarging—
Behind him the Cravats their sections display—
Behind him rides Fergus and shouts for F'inae.

On the slopes of La Judoigne the Frenchmen are
flying,
Lord Clare and his squadrons the foe still defying,
Outnumbered, and wounded, retreat in array ;
And bleeding rides Fergus and thinks of F'inae.

* * * * *

In the cloisters of Ypres a banner is swaying,
And by it a pale weeping maiden is praying ;
That flag's the sole trophy of Ramilies' fray,
'This nun is poor Eily, the Flower of F'inae.

WHEN THIS OLD CAP WAS NEW.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

SINCE this old cap was new,
Now fifty-two long years
(It was new at the review
Of the Dublin Volunteers);
There have been brought to pass
With us a change or two,
They're altered times, alas !
Since this old cap was new.

Our Parliament did sit
Then in our native land,
What good came of the loss of it
I cannot understand;
All though full plain I see,
That changes not a few
Have fallen on the country
Since this old cap was new.

They are very worthy fellows
(And much I'd be distressed
To think them else) who tell us
That all is for the best;
Though full as ill inclined,
Now the bargain's closed, to rue,
Yet I can't but call the times to mind,
When this old cap was new.

What rights we wanted then
Were asked for above board,
By a hundred thousand gentlemen,
And rendered at the word;
'Twas thus in fair daylight,
With all the world to view,
We claimed, and gained our right
When this old cap was new !

But patriots now-a-days,
And state reformers, when
A starving people's cry they raise,
Turn out like trenchermen.
Ah ! we'd have done the work,
If it had been to do,
With other tool than spoon or fork,
When this old cap was new,

The nobles of the country
Were then our neighbours near,
And 'mong us squires and gentry
Made always jolly cheer !
Ah ! every night at some one's
Or other's was a crew
Of merry lords and commons
When this old cap was new.

They're altered times entirely,
As plainly now appears ;
Our landlord's face we barely see
Past once in seven years.
And now the man meets scorn
As his coat is green or blue ;
We had no need our coats to turn,
When this old cap was new.

Good counsel to propose
I have but little skill ;
Yet ere a vain lament I close
In humble trust, I will
Beseech for all His aid,
Who knows what all should do ;
And pray as I have often prayed,
When this old cap was new.

EMMELINE TALBOT.

A BALLAD OF THE PALE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

[The Scene is on the borders of Dublin and Wicklow.]

'Twas a September day—
In Glenismole,
Emmeline Talbot lay
On a green knoll.
She was a lovely thing,
Fleet as a falcon's wing—
Only fifteen that spring—
Soft was her soul.

Danger and dreamless sleep
Much did she scorn,
And from her father's keep
Stole out that morn;
Towards Glenismole she hies,
Sweetly the valley lies,
Winning the enterprise,
No one to warn.

Till by the noon, at length,
High in the vale,
Emmeline found her strength
Suddenly fail.
Panting, yet pleasantly,
By Dodder-side lay she—
Thrushes sang merrily,
“Hail, sister, hail!”

Hazel and copse of oak
Made a sweet lawn,
Out from the thicket broke
Rabbit and fawn.

Green were the eskers round
Sweet as the river's sound,
Eastwards flat Cruagh frowned,
South lay Sliève Bân.

Looking round Barnakeel,
Like a tall Moor
Full of impassioned zeal
Peeped brown Kippure,
Dublin in feudal pride,
And many a hold beside,
Over Fingal preside—
Sentinels sure !

Is that a roebuck's eye
Glares from the green ?—
Is that a thrush's cry
Rings in the screen ?
Mountaineers round her sprung,
Savage their speech and tongue,
Fierce was their chief, and young—
Poor Emmeline !

" Hurrah, 'tis Talbot's child,"
Shouted the kern,
" Off to the mountains wild
Farrah O'Byrne !"
Like a bird in a net,
Strove the sweet maiden yet,
Praying and shrieking, " Let,
Let me return."

After a moment's doubt,
Forward he sprung,
With his sword flashing out—
Wrath on his tongue.
" Touch not a hair of her's—
Dies he who finger stirs,"
Back fell his foragers—
To him she clung.

Soothing the maiden's fears
Kneeling was he,
When burst old Talbot's spears
Out on the lea.
March-men, all staunch and stout,
Shouting their Belgard shout—
"Down with the Irish rout,
Prets d'accomplir."*

Taken thus unawares,
Some fled amain—
Fighting like forest bears,
Others were slain.
To the chief clung the maid—
How could he use his blade?
That night upon him weighed
Fetter and chain.

Oh ! but that night was long,
Lying forlorn,
Since, 'mid the wassail song,
These words were borne—
"Nathless your tears and cries,
Sure as the sun shall rise,
Connor O'Byrne dies,
Talbot hath sworn."

Brightly on Talaght hill
Flashes the sun ;
Strained at his window-sill,
How his eyes run
From lonely Saggart Slade
Down to Tibraden glade,
Landmarks of border raid,
Many a one.

* The motto and cry of the Talbots.

Too well the captive knows
Belgard's main wall
Will, to his naked blows,
Shiver and fall,
Ere in his mountain hold
He shall again behold
Those whose proud hearts are cold,
Weeping his thrall.

"Oh ! for a mountain side,
Bucklers and brands,
Freely I could have died,
Heading my bands,
But on a felon tree"—
Bearing a fetter key,
By him all silently
Emmeline stands.

* * * *

Late rose the Castellan
He had drunk deep,
Warder and serving-man
Still were asleep,
Wide is the castle-gate,
Open the captive's grate,
Fetters disconsolate
Flung in a heap.

* * * *

'Tis an October day,
Close by Loch Dan
Many a creaght lay,
Many a man.
'Mongst them, in gallant mien,
Connor O'Byrne's seen
Wedded to Emmeline,
Girt by his clan !

A MUNSTER KEEN.*

BY EDWARD WALSH.

ON Monday morning, the flowers were gaily spring-
 ing,
 The skylark's hymn in middle air was singing,
 When, grief of griefs, my wedded husband left me.
 And since that hour of hope and health bereft me.
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.†

Above the board, where thou art low reclining.
 Have parish priests and horsemen high been dining,
 And wine and usquebaugh, while they were able,
 They quaffed with thee—the soul of all the table.
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

Why didst thou die ? Could wedded wife adore thee
 With purer love than that my bosom bore thee ?
 Thy children's cheeks were peaches ripe and mellow,
 And threads of gold their tresses long and yellow.
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

In vain for me are pregnant heifers lowing ;
 In vain for me are yellow harvests growing ;
 Or thy nine gifts of love in beauty blooming—
 Tear's blind my eyes, and grief my heart's consuming !
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

Pity her plaints whose wailing voice is broken,
 Whose finger holds our early wedding token,
 The torrents of whose tears have drain'd their foun-
 tain,
 Whose piled-up grief on grief is past recounting.
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

* Properly *Caione*.

† The keener alone sings the extempore death-song; the burden of the ullagone, or chorus, is taken up by all the females present.

I still might hope, did I not thus behold thee,
 That high Knockferin's airy peak might hold thee,
 Or Crohan's fairy halls, or Corrin's towers,
 Or Lene's bright caves, or Cleana's magic bowers.*
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

But Oh ! my black despair ! when thou wert dying
 O'er thee no tear was wept, no heart was sighing—
 No breath of prayer did waft thy soul to glory ;
 But lonely thou didst lie, and maim'd and gory !
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

Oh ! may your dove-like soul on whitest pinions
 Pursue her upward flight to God's dominions,
 Where saints' and martyrs' hands shall gifts provide
 thee—
 And Oh ! my grief that I am not beside thee !
 Ulla gulla, gulla g'one ! &c., &c.

IRISH MOLLY.

A STREET BALLAD.

OH ! who is that poor foreigner that lately came to
 town,
 And like a ghost that cannot rest still wanders up and
 down ?
 A poor, unhappy Scottish youth ;—if more you wish
 to know,
 His heart is breaking all for love of Irish Molly O !
 She's modest, mild, and beautiful, the fairest I
 have known—
 The primrose of Ireland—all blooming here
 alone—
 The primrose of Ireland, for wheresoe'er I go,
 The only one entices me is Irish Molly O !

* Places celebrated in fairy topography.

When Molly's father heard of it, a solemn oath he
swore,
That if she'd wed a foreigner he'd never see her more.
He sent for young MacDonald and he plainly told
him so—
"Ill never give to such as you my Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, &c.

MacDonald heard the heavy news—and grievously
did say—
"Farewell, my lovely Molly, since I'm banished far
away,
A poor forlorn pilgrim I must wander to and fro,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!
She's modest, &c.
"There is a rose in Ireland, I thought it would be
mine;
But now that she is lost to me, I must for ever pine,
Till death shall come to comfort me, for to the grave
I'll go,
And all for the sake of my Irish Molly O!
She's modest, &c.

"And now that I am dying, this one request I crave,
To place a marble tombstone above my humble grave!
And on the stone these simple words I'd have engraven
so—
MacDonald lost his life for love of Irish Molly O!"
She's modest, &c.

THE BRIGADE AT FONTENOY.

BY BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING.

MAY 11, 1745.

By our camp-fires rose a murmur,
At the dawning of the day,
And the tread of many footsteps
Spoke the advent of the fray;
And, as we took our places,
Few and stern were our words,
While some were tightening horse-girths,
And some were girding swords.

The trumpet-blast has sounded
Our footmen to array—
The willing steed has bounded,
Impatient for the fray—
The green flag is unfolded,
While rose the cry of joy—
“Heaven speed dear Ireland’s banner
To-day at Fontenoy!”

We looked upon that banner,
And the memory arose
Of our homes and perished kindred
Where the Lee or Shannon flows;
We looked upon that banner,
And we swore to God on high
To smite to-day the Saxon’s might—
To conquer or to die.

Loud swells the charging trumpet—
’Tis a voice from our own land—
God of battles! God of vengeance!
Guide to-day the patriot’s brand!

There are stains to wash away,
 There are memories to destroy,
 In the best blood of the Briton
 To-day at Fontenoy.

Plunge deep the fiery rowels
 In a thousand reeking flanks—
 Down, chivalry of Ireland,
 Down on the British ranks !
 Now shall their serried columns
 Beneath our sabres reel—
 Through their ranks, then, with the war-horse—
 Through their bosoms with the steel.

With one shout for good King Louis
 And the fair land of the vine,
 Like the wrathful Alpine tempest
 We swept upon their line—
 Then rang along the battle-field
 Triumphant our hurrah,
 And we smote them down, still cheering,
 “*Erin, slanthagal go bragh !*” *

As prized as is the blessing
 From an aged father’s lip—
 As welcome as the haven
 To the tempest-driven ship—
 As dear as to the lover
 The smile of gentle maid—
 Is this day of long-sought vengeance
 To the swords of the Brigade.

See their shattered forces flying,
 A broken, routed line—
 See, England, what brave laurels
 For your brow to-day we twine.

* *Erinn (oo) rlannte Zeal go bragh.* Erin, your bright
 health for ever.

Oh, thrice blest the hour that witnessed
The Briton turn to flee
From the chivalry of Erin,
And France's *fleur-de-lis*.

As we lay beside our camp fires,
When the sun had passed away,
And thought upon our brethren
That had perished in the fray—
We prayed to God to grant us,
And then we'd die with joy,
One day upon our own dear land
Like this of Fontenoy.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged—'tis at a white
heat now :
The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—tho' on the
forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play through the sable
mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking
round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only
bare ;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the
windlass there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black
mound heaves below,
And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every
throe :
It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a
glow !

'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun
shines not so ;
The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful
show ;
The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy
lurid row
Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before
the foe :
As, quivering thro' his fleece of flame, the sailing
monster, slow
Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow.
“Hurrah!” they shout, “leap out—leap out;” bang,
bang the sledges go ;
Hurrah! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and
low—
A hailing fount of fire is struck at every squashing
blow,
The leathern mail rebounds the hail, the rattling
cinders strow
The ground around: at every bound the sweltering
fountains flow,
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke
pant, “Ho!”

Leap out, leap out, my masters; leap out, and lay on
load!
Let's forge a goodly anchor—a bower thick and
broad;
For a heart of oak is hanging on every blow, I bode,
And I see the good ship riding, all in a perilous
road—
The low reef roaring on her lee—the roll of ocean
pour'd
From stem to stern, sea after sea; the mainmast by
the board;
The bulwarks down, the rudder gone, the boats stove
at the chains!
But courage still, brave mariners—the bower yet
remains,

And not an inch to flinch he deigns, save when ye
pitch sky high;
Them moves his head, as tho' he said, "Fear nothing—
here am I."
Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep
time;
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple's
chime:
But while you sling your sledges, sing—and let your
burthen be,
The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we!
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their
rustling red:
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will
soon be sped.
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich
array,
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch
of clay;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry crafts-
men here,
For the yeo-heave-o', and the heave-away, and the
sighing seaman's cheer;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from
love and home;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o'er the ocean
foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e'er from cat was
cast.
O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life
like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward, beneath the
deep green sea!
O deep Sea-diver, who might then behold such sights
as thou?
The hoary monster's palaces! methinks what joy 'twere
now

To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the
whales,
And feel the churn'd sea round me boil beneath their
scourging tails !
Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea
unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his
ivory horn ;
To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade for-
lorn ;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws
to scorn ;
To leap down on the kraken's back, where 'mid Nor-
wegian isles,
He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallow'd
miles ;
'Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he
rolls ;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished
shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ; or, haply in a
cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's
love,
To find the long-hair'd mermaidens ; or, hard by icy
lands,
To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can
equal thine ?
The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons, that tugs thy
cable line ;
And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by
day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game
to play—
But shamer of our little sports ! forgive the name I
gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.

O 'lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but
understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that
dripping band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about
thee bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream blessing their
ancient friend?
Oh, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger
steps round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride; thou'dst leap
within the sea !

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant
strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Father-
land—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy church-
yard grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
Oh, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly
sung,
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes
among !

THE GERALDINE'S DAUGHTER.

SPEAK low !—speak low—the bean ríge is crying ;
 Hark ! hark to the echo !—she's dying ! “she's dying.”
 What shadow flits dark'ning the face of the water ?
 'Tis the swan of the lake—'Tis *the Geraldine's Daughter*.

Hush, hush ! have you heard what the bean ríge
 said ?
 Oh ! list to the echo ! she's dead ! “she's dead !”
 No shadow now dims the face of the water ;
 Gone, gone is the wraith of *the Geraldine's Daughter*.

The step of yon train is heavy and slow,
 There's wringing of hands, there's breathing of woe ;
 What melody rolls over mountain and water ?
 'Tis the funeral chant for *the Geraldine's Daughter*.

The requiem sounds like the plaintive moan
 Which the wind makes over the sepulchre's stone ;
 “Oh, why did she die ? our heart's blood had bought
 her !
 Oh, why did she die, *the Geraldine's Daughter* ?”

The thistle-beard floats—the wild roses wave
 With the blast that sweeps over the newly-made grave ;
 The stars dimly twinkle, and hoarse falls the water,
 Whilenight-birds are wailing *the Geraldine's Daughter*.

* Commonly written the Banshee.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY JOHN FISHER MURRAY,

Author of "The World of London," &c.

LONE, by my solitary hearth,
Whence peace hath fled,
And home-like joys, and innocent mirth
Are banished ;
Silent and sad, I linger to recall
The memory of all
In thee, dear partner of my cares, I lost,
Cares, shared with thee, more sweet than joys the
world can boast.

My home—why did I say my home ?
Now have I none,
Unless thou from the grave again couldst come,
Beloved one !
My home was in thy trusting heart,
Where'er thou wert ;
My happy home in thy confiding breast,
Where my worn spirit refuge found and rest.

I know not if thou wast most fair
And best of womankind ;
Or whether earth yet beareth fruit more rare
Of heart and mind ;
To ME, I know, thou wert the fairest,
Kindest, dearest,
That heaven to man in mercy ever gave,
And more than man from heaven deserved to have.

Never from thee, sweet wife,
Came word or look awry,
Nor peacock pride, nor sullen fit, nor strife
For mastery :

Calm and controlled thy spirit was, and sure
So to endure :

My friend, protectress, guide, whose gentle will
Compelled my good, withholding from me ill.

No art of selfishness

Thy generous nature knew :
Thy life all love, the power to bless thy bliss
Constant and true,
Content, if to thy lot the world should bring
Enduring suffering ;

Unhappy, if permitted but to share
Part of my griefs, wouldst both our burdens bear.

My joy, my solace, and my pride
I found thee still,

Whatever change our fortunes might betide
Of good or ill ;

Worthier I was life's blessing to receive
While thou didst live ;

All that I had of good in other's sight,
Reflected shone thy virtue's borrowed light.

The lute unstrung—the meals in silence ate
We wont to share ;

The widowed bed—the chamber desolate,
Thou art not there,

The tear at parting, and the greeting kiss,
Who would not miss ?

Endearments fond, and solaced hours, and all
Th' important trivial things men comfort call.

Oh ! mayest thou, if permitted, from above
The starry sphere,

Encompass me with ever-during love,
As thou didst here :

Still be my guardian spirit, lest I be
Unworthy thee ;

Still, as on earth, thy grace celestial give,
SO GUIDE MY LIFE AS THOU WOULDST HAVE ME LIVE.

THE HOLY WELLS.

BY J. D. FRASER.

THE holy wells—the living wells—the cool, the fresh,
the pure—

A thousand ages rolled away, and still those founts
endure,

As full and sparkling as they flowed ere slave or
tyrant trod

The Emerald garden, set apart for Irishmen by God.
And while their stainless chastity and lasting life have
birth

Amid the oozy cells and caves of gross material earth,
The Scripture of creation holds no fairer type than
they—

That an immortal spirit can be linked with human
clay.

How sweet of old the bubbling gush—no less to
antlered race,

Than to the hunter and the hound that smote them
in the chase !

In forest depths the water-fount beguiled the Druid's
love,

From that adored high fount of fire which sparkled far
above ;

Inspired apostles took it for a centre to the ring,
When sprinkling round baptismal life—salvation—
from the spring ;

And in the sylvan solitude, or lonely mountain cave,
Beside it passed the hermit's life, as stainless as its
wave.

The cottage hearth, the convent's wall, the battle-
mented tower,

Grew up around the crystal springs, as well as flag
and flower ;

The brooklime and the water-cress were evidence of
health,
Abiding in those basins, free to poverty and wealth :
The city sent pale sufferers there the faded brow to dip,
And woo the water to depose some bloom upon the lip ;
The wounded warrior dragged him towards the
unforgotten tide,
And deemed the draught a heavenlier gift than
triumph to his side.

The stag, the hunter, and the hound, the Druid and
the saint,
And anchorite are gone, and even the lineaments grown
faint,
Of those old ruins into which, for monuments, had sunk
The glorious homes that held, like shrines, the monarch
and the monk.
So far into the heights of God the mind of man has
ranged,
It learned a lore to change the earth—it's very self it
changed
To some more bright intelligence ; yet still the springs
endure,
The same fresh fountains, but become more precious
to the poor !

For knowledge has abused its powers, an empire to erect
For tyrants, on the rights the poor had given them to
protect ;
Till now the simple elements of nature are their *all*,
That from the cabin is not filched, and lavished in
the hall—
And while night, noon, or morning meal no other
plenty brings,
No beverage than the water-draught from old, spon-
taneous springs ;
They, sure, may deem them holy wells, that yield from
day to day,
One blessing that no tyrant hand can taint or take
away.

THE MONKS OF KILCREA.*

[Kilcrea Abbey, county Cork, was dedicated to St. Bridget, and founded A.D. 1494, by Cormac, Lord of Muskerry; its monks belonged to the Franciscan Order, commonly called "Grey Friars." In the present day its ruins are extensive, and though considerably mutilated by Cromwell, who stabled a troop of horses in its refectory, are still both picturesque and interesting.—*Irish Annals*.]

FYTTE I.

THREE monks sat by a bogwood fire !

Bare were their crowns, and their garments grey ;
Close sat they to that bogwood fire,
Watching the wicket till break of day ;
Such was ever the rule at Kilcrea.
For whoever passed, be he Baron or Squire,
Was free to call at that abbey, and stay,
Nor guerdon, nor hire for his lodging pay,
Tho' he tarried a week with its holy choir !

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire,

Dark looked the night from the window pane,
They who sat by that bogwood fire
Were Eustace, Alleyn, and Thade by name,
And long they gazed at the cheerful flame ;
Till each from his neighbour began to inquire
The tale of his life before he came
To Saint Brigid's shrine, and the cowl had ta'en,
So they piled on more wood, and drew their seats
nigher !

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire,

Loud wailed the wind through cloister and nave,
And with a mournful air, by that bogwood fire,
The first who spake it was Eustace grave,
And told "He had been a gallant brave,

* This fine ballad originally appeared as a fragment in the *Irish Penny Journal*, and attracted much less attention than it was entitled to. Since it was included in the "Ballad Poetry" the author has been induced to complete it. Several editions of the entire poem have appeared, and it has been translated into French. 1866.

In his youth, till a comrade he slew in ire,
And then forswore bastnet and glaive,
And leaving his home, had crossed the wave,
And taken the cross and cowl at Saint Finbar's Spire."

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire,
Swift through the glen rushed the river Lee,
And Alleyn next by that bogwood fire
Told his tale ; a woful man was he ;
Alas ! he had loved unlawfullie
The wife of his brother, Sir Hugh Maguire,
And he fled to the cloister to free
His soul from sin ; and 'twas sad to see
How much sorrow had wasted the youthful friar.

Three monks sat at a bogwood fire,
And red its light on the rafters shone,
The last who spake by that bogwood fire
Was Thade, of the three, the only one
Whom care or grief had not lit upon ;
But rosy and round, thro' city and shire,
His mate for innocent glee was none,
And soon he told, "How a peasant's son
He was reared for the church by their former Prior!"

Three monks sat by a bogwood fire,
The moon looked o'er all with clouded ray,
And there they sat by that bogwood fire
Watching the wicket till break of day ;
And many that night did call and stay,
Whose names, if, gentles, ye do not tire,
In his next strain shall the bard essay,
For here ends the first fytt of the monks of Kilcrea !

FYTTE II.

The bell of the abbey had number'd ten,
O'er tower and roof rolled its sullen chime ;
Yet, still by the fire sat those holy men
Keeping their vigil until morning's prime ;
And much did they marvel, and ere that time

No traveller called, as 'twas common then
For pilgrims to flock to Saint Bridgid's shrine ;
So they placed on the board the pitchers of wine,
Game from the mountain, and meat from the pen,
And red trout that was caught close by in Dripsey
Glen !*

On the table was flagon and pasty good,
On the hearth clean swept blazed a bogwood fire,
Around were settles of the dark oak wood,
And all that a weary guest could require.
There was water in pans, to wash off the mire,
Garment to don, and hose, and doe-skin shoon,
In never a hostel throughout the shire
Could you purchase for gold, or borrow for hire
Such comforts, as freely for all, as boon,
The monks of Kilcrea strewed around that cheerful
room.

There came a loud knock to the abbey gate,
And a voice in the storm was heard outside,
And Eustace arose from where sad he sate,
Went to the wicket and opened it wide,
And crost the threshold with a heavy stride.
A Saxon stranger ; he was sore distraight,
And told "how he lost both his way and guide,
That his horse was drown'd in fording the Bride,"†
Then took off his cloak, a dripping weight,
And look'd like a man who for life had struggled late !

* Dripsey Glen, a romantic spot on the river Lee, lies half-way between Cork and Macroom.

† A small but rapid river that runs close to the walls of Kilcrea. On entering the abbey, the traveller is at once struck with the number of monuments and graves contained within its precincts. Among those the tomb of "Arthur O'Leary, the Outlaw," is conspicuous. The history of this unfortunate gentleman, whose ancestors owned the country for miles around Kilcrea, must be fresh in the minds of all those who have perused Mrs. Hall's touching narrative, or the more graphic account given by Mr. Windele in his "Guide to Killarney."

Again came a knock to the abbey gate,
While sad the wind moan'd thro' bower and tree,
And Alleyn arose, and opened the gate,
And entered the room, a Rapparee !
And haggard, and pale, and begrimed was he ;*
As he leant on a spear in a drooping state !
His scanty garments scarcely reach'd his knee,
Yet, tho' feeble and worn was his mien and gait,
Still he glared on the Saxon with a look of hate.

Again came a knock to the abbey gate,
And a voice outside made a rueful din,
And Thade uprose and opened the gate ;
And lo ! he ushered a Gleeman in,
Threadbare his cloak, he was wet to the skin ;
Yet the leer of his eye told a roguish mate,
And he winked around with a cunning grin,
As deep in the flagon he stuck his chin,
And scarce would the loon for a blessing wait,
When his kind host heaped the food on his plate !

And there long they sat by that bogwood fire,
The monks of Kilcrea and those travellers three,
And each as they sat by that bogwood fire
Told by turns his name and his history ;
The Saxon ! the Gleeman ! the Rapparee !
And, gentles, once more, if ye do not tire,
I'll sing to you each in their due degree,
As of old a sennachie taught the lay to me !

* I may be held guilty of a gross anachronism in introducing "a Rapparee" here, but we had the thing, if not the word, at this period ; and, moreover, the laws of poetical licence, as laid down in the celebrated case of *Dido versus Virgil*, must at once be both my precedent and apology.

O'DONOVAN'S DAUGHTER.

BY EDWARD WALSH.

AIR—" *The Juice of the Barley.*"

ONE midsummer's eve, when the Bel-fires were
lighted,
And the bagpiper's tone call'd the maidens delighted,
I join'd a gay group by the Araglin's water,
And danced till the dawn with O'Donovan's Daughter.

Have you seen the ripe monadan glisten in Kerry,
Have you mark'd on the Galteys the black whortle-
berry,
Or ceanabhan wave by the wells of Blackwater?
They're the cheek, eye, and neck of O'Donovan's
Daughter.

Have you seen a gay kidling on Claragh's round
mountain,
The swan's arching glory on Sheeling's blue fountain,
Heard a weird woman chant what the fairy choir
taught her?
They've the step, grace, and tone of O'Donovan's
Daughter!

Have you marked in its flight the black wing of the
raven,
The rosebuds that breathe in the summer breeze
waven,
The pearls that lie hid under Lene's magic water?
They're the teeth, lip, and hair of O'Donovan's
Daughter!

Ere the Bel-fire was dimmed or the dancers departed,
I taught her a song of some maid broken-hearted :
And that group, and that dance, and that love-song I
 taught her
Haunt my slumbers at night with O'Donovan's
 Daughter.

God grant, 'tis no fay from Cnoc-Firinn that woos me,
God grant, 'tis not Cliodhna the queen that pursues
 me,
That my soul lost and lone has no witchery wrought
 her,
While I dream of dark groves and O'Donovan's
 Daughter !

If, spell-bound, I pine with an airy disorder,
Saint Gobnate has sway over Musgry's wide border ;
She'll scare from my couch, when with prayer I've
 besought her,
That bright airy sprite like O'Donovan's Daughter.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.*

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

[Baltimore is a small seaport in the barony of Carbery, in South Munster. It grew up round a Castle of O'Driscoll's, and was, after his ruin, colonized by the English. On the 20th of June, 1631, the crew of two Algerine galleys landed in the dead of the night, sacked the town, and bore off into slavery all who were not too old, or too young, or too fierce for that purpose. The pirates were steered up the intricate channel by one Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman, whom they had taken at sea for the purpose. Two years after he was convicted, and executed for the crime. Baltimore never recovered this. To the artist, the antiquary, and the naturalist, its neighbourhood is most interesting.—See "The Ancient and Present State of the County and City of Cork," by Charles Smith, M.D., vol. i., p. 270. Second Edition. Dublin, 1774.]

THE summer sun is falling soft on Carb'ry's hundred
isles—
The summer's sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's
rough defiles—
Old Innisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting
bird ;
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is
heard :
The hookers lie upon the beach ; the children cease
their play ;
The gossips leave the little inn ; the households kneel
to pray—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour
o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore,

* 1866. This poem will have a special interest to many readers as the last written by Thomas Davis. I was breakfasting with him at a temporary residence which he had for a short time under the Dublin Mountains, near Dundrum, two or three weeks before his death, and brought with me a young Hiberno-American, recently arrived in Ireland, whom I desired to introduce to him. After breakfast he gave me this ballad, and I read it to the stranger, who was no other than Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, destined to rival him as a writer of Irish ballads, though no one can rival him as the most gifted and noble Irish gentleman whom his generation ever saw.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight
there ;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea,
or air,
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious
of the calm ;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy
balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round
Dunashad that glide
Must trust their oars—methinks not few—against the
ebbing tide—
Oh ! some sweet mission of true love must urge them
to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride who sighs in
Baltimore !

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently
gliding feet—
A stifled gasp ! a dreamy noise ! “the roof is in a flame !”
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid,
and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming
sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or
crimson shawl—
The yell of “Allah !” breaks above the prayer, and
shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God ! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore !

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the
shearing sword ;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her
son was gor'd ;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes
clutching wild ;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled
with the child :

But see yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with
 splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his
 Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers
 yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack of
 Baltimore !

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin
 to sing—
They see not now the milking maids, deserted is the
 spring !
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Ban-
 don's town—
These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff
 from Affadown;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours'
 blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they
 wildly went—
Then dash'd to sea, and passed Cape Clear, and saw
 five leagues before
The pirate-galley vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh ! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must
 tend the steed—
This boy will bear a Scheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's
 jerreed.
Oh ! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Darda-
 nelles;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for
 the Dey,
She's safe—she's dead—she stabb'd him in the midst
 of his Serai;
And when, to die a death of fire, that noble maid they
 bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscoll's child—she thought of
 Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that
bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse
stand,
Where high upon a gallows-tree, a yelling wretch is
seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan—he who steered the
Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing
prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred
there—
Some muttered of MacMorrogh, who had brought the
Norman o'er—
Some cursed him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

SOUTH MUNSTER CLANS MARCHING TO BATTLE, A.D. 1690.

BY G. H. SUPPLE.

HARK the distant hum !
The clans of stormy Desmond come
From their rugged glens and savage hills,
How their warriors' laughter the bosom thrills :
Their hearts are dauntless, and careless, and light—
Their plumes are brave—their spears are bright.
Each Crahadore's lip has the careless play,
And the joyous smile of a festal day ;
But that lip will clench, and that eye will glow,
When he meets, when he meets his Saxon foe.

As the banded squadrons pass,
'Tis glorious to see their banners wave,
And the sunbeams sparkling on spear and glaive,
On horseman's helm, and steel cuirass.

'Tis glorious to see by stream and glen,
 Old Desmond's mountaineers again
 Draw from its scabbard the rusting brand,
 In the thrilling cause of fatherland;
 Grimly crave, with a warrior joy,
 Vengeance for Smerwick and bloody Dunboy.

From Muskerry mountains and Carbery hills,
 MacCarthies have rushed like their highland rills;
 MacSwinies, O'Learies, O'Riordans came,
 When the signal flew on wings of flame;
 O'Driscolls are there, from their crag-bound shore;
 And O'Mahonies, men of the woods and moor.
 Many a Duhallow battle-axe bright—

For Clan-Awly, Clan-Keeffe, and Clan-Callaghan, all
 Have answered the princely MacDonogh's call,
 When that chieftain summoned his bands of might;
 And many a clan with the Norman name—
 Like leaves of their forests Fitzgeralds came,
 Barrys, and Barrets, Sapeul, Condhune,
 From Broad Imokilly, and Kilnattalloon—
 From Orrery's valleys, and Avonmore's banks,
 In hundreds have mustered their stately ranks.

On, on, our march must know no pause,
 Till the wolf-dog's game is in his jaws;
 On—with clear heart and footing sure,
 For our path lies by mountain and shaking moor.
 The river is broad, but who'd wait for a ford,
 And the cause of Righ Seamus in need of his
 sword?

Up, up, with the wild hurra,
 We fight for the right, and *Righ Seamus go bragh.**

Though they file along, in their loose array,
 Like a driving cloud on a summer's day,
 So brilliant, so gallant, and gay,
 Many a light-limbed mountaineer

Dashed from his dark eye the soul-sprung tear,
As he parted from maid, or from matron dear.

Many a reckless Crahadore
Bent o'er the maid he might clasp no more.

On leafy Imokilly's shore,
Yon gallowglass has left his bride
By steep Slieve Logher's heathy side.

Rent was his manly heart with sorrow

As she smoothed his long black hair ;

As she pressed his bronzed cheek and forehead fair,

And blessed him for the bloody morrow ;

But the griefs of the parting moment pass

From the breast of kern and gallowglass,

When the clairseach rings and the baraboo,

When he hears the chieftain's war halloo,

When he sees the war-horse champ the rein,

And toss aloft his flowing mane,

Blithely he marches by town and tower,

Gone are the thoughts of the parting hour,

Blithely he raises the shrill hurra,

Righ Seamus, Righ Seamus, go bragh !

THE BOATMAN OF KINSALE.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

AIR—" *The Caol Cota.*"

His kiss is sweet, his word is kind,
His love is rich to me ;
I could not in a palace find
A truer heart than he.
The eagle shelters not his nest
From hurricane and hail,
More bravely than he guards my breast--
The Boatman of Kinsale.

The wind that round the Fastnet sweeps
Is not a whit more pure--
The goat that down Cnoc Sheehy leaps
Has not a foot more sure.
No firmer hand nor freer eye
E'er faced an Autumn gale--
De Courcy's heart is not so high--
The Boatman of Kinsale.

The brawling squires may heed him not,
The dainty stranger sneer--
But who will dare to hurt our cot,
When Myles O'Hea is here ?
The scarlet soldiers pass along,
They'd like, but fear to rail--
His blood is hot, his blow is strong--
The Boatman of Kinsale.

His hooker's in the Scilly van,
When seines are in the foam ;
But money never made the man,
Nor wealth a happy home.
So, blest with love and liberty,
While he can trim a sail,
He'll trust in God and cling to me--
The Boatman of Kinsale.

O'BYRNE'S BARD TO THE CLANS OF
WICKLOW.

TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH.

BY SAMUEL FERGUSON.

God be with the Irish host,
Never be their battle lost !
For in battle, never yet
Have they basely earned defeat.

Host of armour, red and bright,
May ye fight a valiant fight !
For the green spot of the earth,
For the land that gave you birth.

Who in Erin's cause would stand
Brother of the avenging band,
He must wed immortal quarrel,
Pain, and sweat, and bloody peril.

On the mountain bare and steep,
Snatching short but pleasant sleep,
Then, ere sunrise, from his eyrie,
Swooping on the Saxon quarry.

What, although you've failed to keep
Liffey's plain or Tara's steep,
Cashel's pleasant streams to save,
Or the meads of Cruachan Maev.

Want of conduct lost the town,
Broke the white-walled castle down,
Moira lost, and old Taltin,
And let the conquering stranger in.

'Twas the want of right command,
Not the lack of heart or hand,
Left your hills and plains to-day
'Neath the strong Clan Saxon's sway.

Ah ! had heaven never sent
Discord for our punishment,
Triumphs few o'er Erin's host
Had Clan London now to boast.

Woe is me, 'tis God's decree
Strangers have the victory :
Irishmen may now be found
Outlaws upon Irish ground.

Like a wild beast in his den
Lies the chief by hill and glen,
While the strangers, proud and savage,
Creevan's* richest valleys ravage.

Woe is me, the foul offence,
Treachery and violence,
Done against my people's rights—
Well may mine be restless nights !

When old Leinster's sons of fame,
Heads of many a warlike name,
Redden their victorious hilts
On the Gaul, my soul exults.

When the grim Gauls, who have come
Hither o'er the ocean foam,
From the fight victorious go,
Then my heart sinks deadly low.

* CROINÉARR, a king of ancient Erin.

Bless the blades our warriors draw
God be with the Clan Ranelagh !
But my soul is weak for fear,
Thinking of their danger here.

Have them in Thy holy keeping,
God, be with them lying sleeping,
God, be with them standing fighting
Erin's foes in battle smiting !

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.*

BY REV. FRANCIS MAHONY,

Author of the "Prout Papers."

WITH deep affection and recollection
I often think of the Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells—
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I have heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine ;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate,
But all their music spoke nought to thine ;
For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

* rean dúin, old fort.

I have heard bells tolling "old Adrian's mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
With cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame ;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
O! the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and Kiosko,
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them,
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
It's the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

WILLY REILLY.

[Willy Reilly was the first ballad I ever heard recited, and it made a painfully vivid impression on my mind. I have never forgotten the smallest incident of it. The story on which it is founded happened some sixty years ago; and, as the lover was a young Catholic farmer, and the lady's family of high Orange principles, it got a party character, which, no doubt, contributed to its great popularity. There is no family under the rank of gentry, in the inland counties of Ulster, where it is not familiarly known. Nurses and sempstresses, the honorary guardians of national songs and legends, have taken it into special favour, and preserved its popularity.]

Mr. Carleton (to whose loving memory of all our Northern traditions I owe the present copy) tells me that he was accustomed, when a boy, to hear it sung by his mother, when it took such powerful hold of his imagination that to this hour it moves him as it did at first. He has long intended to make it the foundation of a national novel, exhibiting the customs and prejudices of the unhappy period in which it is laid.* Some deduction must be made for early impressions, but it is impossible to deny its great tenderness and remarkable dramatic power. Observe, for a striking instance of the latter, the abrupt opening and close of the first verse, and a similar instance in the thirteenth verse.]

"OH! rise up, Willy Reilly, and come along with me,
I mean for to go with you and leave this counterie,
To leave my father's dwelling, his houses and free
land ;"

And away goes Willy Reilly and his dear *Coolen Bawn*.

They go by hills and mountains, and by yon lonesome
plain,

Through shady groves and valleys all dangers to
refrain ;

But her father followed after with a well-arm'd band,
And taken was poor Reilly and his dear *Coolen Bawn*.

It's home then she was taken, and in her closet bound,
Poor Reilly all in Sligo jail lay on the stony ground,
'Till at the bar of justice before the Judge he'd stand,
For nothing but the stealing of his dear *Coolen Bawn*.

* 1866. Mr. Carleton has since published the well-known novel of "Willy Reilly."

“Now in the cold, cold iron my hands and feet are
bound,
I’m handcuffed like a murderer, and tied unto the
ground,
But all the toil and slavery I’m willing for to stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear *Coolen Bawn*.”

The jailor’s son to Reilly goes, and thus to him did say,
“Oh ! get up, Willy Reilly, you must appear this day,
For great Squire Foillard’s anger you never can with-
stand,
I’m afeer’d* you’ll suffer sorely for your dear *Coolen
Bawn*.”

“This is the news, young Reilly, last night that I did
hear,
The lady’s oath will hang you or else will set you
clear ;”
“If that be so, says Reilly, “her pleasure I will stand,
Still hoping to be succoured by my dear *Coolen Bawn*.”

Now Willy’s drest from top to toe all in a suit of
green,
His hair hangs o’er his shoulders most glorious to be
seen ;
He’s tall and straight, and comely as any could be
found,
He’s fit for Foillard’s daughter, was she heiress to a
crown.

The Judge he said, “This lady being in her tender
youth,
If Reilly has deluded her she will declare the truth ;”
Then, like a moving beauty bright, before him she did
stand,
“You’re welcome there, my heart’s delight and dear
Coolen Bawn.”

“Oh, gentlemen,” Squire Foillard said, “with pity look
on me,
This villain came amongst us to disgrace our family,
And by his base contrivances this villany was planned,
If I don’t get satisfaction I’ll quit this Irish land.”

The lady with a tear began, and thus replied she,
“The fault is none of Reilly’s, the blame lies all on
me ;
I forced him for to leave his place and come along
with me,
I loved him out of measure, which wrought our
destiny.”

Out bespoke the noble Fox,* at the table he stood
by,
“Oh, gentlemen, consider on this extremity ;
To hang a man for love is a murder you may see,
So spare the life of Reilly, let him leave this
counterie.”

“Good, my lord, he stole from her her diamonds and
her rings,
Gold watch and silver buckles, and many precious
things,
Which cost me in bright guineas more than five
hundred pounds,
I’ll have the life of Reilly should I lose ten thousand
pounds.”

“Good, my lord, I gave them him as tokens of true
love,
And when we are a-parting I will them all remove,
If you have got them, Reilly, pray send them home
to me.”

“I will, my loving lady, with many thanks to
thee.”

The prisoner’s counsel, afterwards a judge.

“There is a ring among them I allow yourself to wear,
With thirty locket diamonds well set in silver fair,
And as a true-love token wear it on your right hand,
That you’ll think on my poor broken heart when
you’re in foreign lands.”

Then out spoke noble Fox, “you may let the prisoner
go,
The lady’s oath has cleared him, as the Jury all may
know,
She has released her own true love, she has renewed
his name,
May her honour bright gain high estate, and her
offspring rise to fame.”

APPENDIX.



NOTE A, p. 133.

WE publish here some fragments of the original Boyne Water. They appear to us infinitely more racy and spirited than anything in the song which has strangely superseded them. We owe them to a northern gentleman, who has made the antiquities of Ulster his particular study.

THE BOYNE WATER.

JULY the First, of a morning clear, one thousand six hundred and ninety,
King William did his men prepare, of thousands he had thirty ;
To fight King James and all his foes, encamped near the Boyne Water,
He little fear'd, though two to one, their multitudes to scatter.

King William call'd his officers, saying : "Gentlemen,
mind your station,
And let your valour here be shown before this Irish nation ;
My brazen walls let no man break, and your subtle foes
you'll scatter,
Be sure you show them good English play as you go over
the water."

* * * *

Both foot and horse they marched on, intending them to batter,
But the brave Duke Schomberg he was shot as he cross'd
over the water.
When that King William did observe the brave Duke Schomberg falling,
He rein'd his horse with a heavy heart, on the Ennis-killeners calling :

“What will you do for me, brave boys—see yonder men retreating?

Our enemies encourag’d are, and English drums are beating;”

He says, “My boys, feel no dismay at the losing of one commander,

For God shall be our king this day, and I’ll be general under.”

* * * * *

Within four yards of our fore-front, before a shot was fired,

A sudden snuff they got that day, which little they desired;

For horse and man fell to the ground, and some hung in their saddle;

Others turn’d up their forked ends, which we call *coup de ladle*,

Prince Eugene’s regiment was the next, on our right hand advanced,

Into a field of standing wheat, where Irish horses pranced—

But the brandy ran so in their heads, their senses all did scatter,

They little thought to leave their bones that day at the Boyne Water.

Both men and horse lay on the ground, and many there lay bleeding,

I saw no sickles there that day—but, sure, there was sharp shearing.

* * * * *

Now, praise God, all true Protestants, and heaven’s and earth’s Creator,

For the deliverance that he sent our enemies to scatter.

The Church’s foes will pine away, like churlish-hearted Nabal,

For our deliverer came this day like the great Zorobabel.

So praise God, all true Protestants, and I will say no further,

But had the Papists gain’d the day, there would have been open murder.

Although King James and many more were ne’er that way inclined,

It was not in their power to stop what the rabble they designed.

NOTE B, p. 189.

THE BRIDAL OF MALAHIDE.

The story of this ballad is historically true, and receives additional interest from the fact that the armour in which the hero of the ballad was slain is still shown in Malahide Castle, and the monument of the heroine in the neighbouring chapel. Speaking of the latter, Mr. D'Alton says :—“Of the monuments, the most worthy of notice is an altar tomb surmounted with the effigy, in bold relief, of a female habited in the costume of the 14th century, and representing the Honourable Maud Plunket, wife of Sir Richard Talbot. She had been previously married to Mr. Hussey, son to the Baron of Galtrim, who was slain on the day of her nuptials, leaving her the singular celebrity of having been ‘a maid, wife, and widow on the same day.’” In a description of the castle, Mr. Petrie refers to the adventure : “Among the most memorable circumstances of general interest connected with the history of this castle and its possessors, should be mentioned what Mr. Brewer properly calls ‘a lamentable instance of the ferocity with which quarrels of party rivalry were conducted in ages during which the internal polity of Ireland was injuriously neglected by the supreme head of government :’—On Whitsun-eve, in the year 1329 (as is recorded by Ware), John de Birmingham, Earl of Louth, Richard Talbot, styled Lord of Malahide, and many of their kindred, together with sixty of their English followers, were slain in a pitched battle at Balbriggan [Ballybragan], in this neighbourhood, by the Anglo-Norman faction of the De Verdons, De Gernons, and Savages—the cause of animosity being the election of the earl to the palatinate dignity of Louth, the county of the latter party.” Malahide Castle is one of the most interesting in Ireland, from its great antiquity and perfect preservation. It is within an hour’s drive of Dublin, and, with a rare and noble liberality, is constantly opened to the public. We copy a portion of Mr. Petrie’s description of it :—“An ancient baronial castle, in good preservation, and still inhabited by the lineal descendant of its original founder, is a rare object to find in Ireland ; and the causes

which have led to this circumstance are too obvious to require an explanation. In Malahide Castle we have, however, a highly interesting example of this kind ; for though in its present state it owes much of its imposing effect to modern restorations and improvements, it still retains a considerable portion of very ancient date, and most probably even some parts of the original castle erected in the reign of King Henry II. Considered in this way, Malahide Castle is without a rival in interest, not only in our metropolitan county, but also, perhaps, within the boundary of the old English Pale. The noble family of Talbot have been seated in their present locality for a period of nearly seven hundred years. There can be no question, therefore, of the noble origin of the Talbots de Malahide, nor can their title be considered as a mushroom one, though only conferred upon the mother of the present lord." The castle contains a fine collection of pictures, including some historical portraits of the highest interest. Portraits of Talbot, Duke of Tyrconnell (James's Lord-Lientenant before and during the Revolution),* of Sir Neale O'Neill, and the finest head of Charles I., by Vandyke, in existence, are among the number.

* See Lillibulero, Introduction, p. 20.

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